New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR — AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL. — ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Volume XI. New Oxford, Pa., Friday, Dec. 6, 1889. Number 21.

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for medical use only.

Careful Preparation of Prescriptions our specialty.

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"Last night the man died in the City Hospital, and it turns out that he was not plain William Murray, as he called himself, but William Montague Rushbridge, of Montague Hall, Surrey, England. That he was the son of an honored and wealthy English family was conclusively proved by letters found on his person.

It is evident that he did not let his family know of his whereabouts, for Superintendent Garside, of the hospital, remembers receiving a letter from the British Consul in New York some months ago asking whether William Rushbridge did not live in Orange. Not knowing anyone of that name the Superintendent replied in the negative. Word will at once be sent to the man's family, but meanwhile, under the law, the scion of British nobility will be buried in the Potter's Field."

Longfellow and Variations.

A country editor who takes an unusually gloomy view of the approaching wintry weather, bewails the hazardous condition of his wearing apparel in the following delicate manner: "Lives of great men oft remind us honest toil don't stand a chance, more we work we leave behind us begger patches on our pants. Oh, those pants, once new and glossy, now are patched with many a hue, all because subscribers linger, will not pay us with its due. Then let them be up and doing, send your mite tho' be it small, or when snow of winter strikes us we shall have no pants at all."

The New England Farmer utters a wholesome truth when it says: There is a possibility that careless readers seeing so much in the papers about abandoned farms just now will think that some sudden depression or disaster has overtaken agriculture. This is not so. The abandonment of these farms has been going on, in some cases, for half a century. The general breaking out of so much newspaper talk does not imply that the causes are recent. Agriculture of 1889 90 is not necessarily under a cloud because of farms that were abandoned anywhere from ten to fifty years ago.

John Slago and Wilo Kerwocz went gunning at Audenried Tuesday for the purpose of getting something for the marriage feast of the former, which was to take place next day. Kerwocz's gun missed fire and Slago looked into the barrel, thinking it was blocked with mud or leaves. The weapon exploded blowing away one side of his face. His death is only a matter of a few hours.

The cigarette, after killing a host of small boys, has gone gunning for larger game, so to speak. Last week a full grown man was sent to the insane asylum at Norristown with reason hopelessly dethroned as a result of a cigarette habit. The cigarette is a small thing, but it is armed with most momentous results in its effects upon the human body.

At Falmouth Station, Lancaster Co., late Monday night, a big freight wreck was caused by the breaking of an axle. Fifteen cars, loaded with dressed beef and cattle, were thrown from the track. A number of the cattle were tossed into the canal and drowned and some that were injured had to be killed. The loss to the railroad company will be very heavy.

Four little girls, children of Hugh Dunn, a wealthy mine-owner, of Elliotsville, W. Va., found a keg of powder in an abandoned working last Thursday morning. In some way they exploded it and were blown to atoms. Their mother lost her reason when told of the fate of her children.

Hodges Drayton, a handsome young fellow about 25 years of age, is a noted horse thief known throughout New England. After several years of fruitless pursuit the State police succeeded in running him down, and he was convicted and sentenced for a long term. During his trial sensational circumstances of his birth have become known, and promise to make him even more famous than his crimes. When it became necessary to examine into his history it was discovered that he had been born at the almshouse, and the registry of his birth set his mother's age down at 10 years and 6 months. This was supposed to be a mistake, but investigation proved the remarkable fact true. It seems that his father, now a famous lawyer in Maine, went to Mass., a boy of 15, to visit an aunt. This lady had running errands for her a little girl named Jessie Warner, aged 9, an orphan. She and the nephew grew to be great friends. In the course of a year she became a mother, and had to seek refuge in the almshouse, where the infant phenomenon was born. The mother only died recently, the wife of a respectable tradesman, who knew nothing of her past experience. The child was named Hodges Drayton, and was convicted of stealing when only 10 years old, and has been a thief ever since.

Following is the report of Five Points school, in Tyrone township, Henry L. Gise, teacher, for the first two months. Number pupils enrolled first month, males 6, females 17; per cent of attendance, males 97, females 89; number of visitors 2. Number enrolled during second month, males 14, females 21; per cent. of attendance, males 93, females 88; number of visitors 2.

The following pupils have been in attendance every day for both months: Clara B. and Etna A. Taylor, Georgia and Emma Beales, Flancie Raffensperger, Annie and Clara Eberhardt, Edna A Larsh, Raymond and Roy Chronister, and Willie Beales. Dora Raffensperger and John Eberhardt were present every day during the first month, and Susie G. Beales every day during the second month.

A handsome U. S. flag of best quality bunting has been bought by the school.

A conflagration in Boston, last Thursday morning, burned over two acres of business blocks, causing a loss estimated at $4,000,000. The fire raged for six hours. About two hundred firms in the dry goods and leather section, and one hundred headquarters of agents of New York and Boston firms, were burned out. Two firemen, Daniel Buckley and Frank P. Loker, are missing, and supposed to have perished in the Brown Durrell building, where the fire originated.

It is said that the Spanish Americans propose taking one hundred prominent Americans of the United States on an excursion through South America to show them that country. It would doubtless be quite as much of a surprise to some of our people as the South Americans tour through this country was to them. Such an excursson would not be without good results.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas express, north-bound, was held up by two robbers in the Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, Sunday night, and the express car robbed of about $50,000.

Monday night a south-bound Santa Fe train was boarded in Chickasaw Nation, I. T., by fifteen masked and heavily armed men, who secured about $25,000.

A terrific fight between an eagle and a farmer named Frank Engleman, is reported from near Nashville, Ind. It lasted an hour, and twice Engleman attempted to run, but each time the great bird threw itself in the way and prevented his retreat. At length he caught it by its talons and succeeded in slaying it. The bird measured 6 feet 4 inches from tip to tip.

It is estimated at the Treasury Department that there has been a decrease of $4,000,000 in the public debt since November 1st.

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A country editor who takes an unusually gloomy view of the approaching wintry weather, bewails the hazardous condition of his wearing apparel in the following delicate manner: "Lives of great men oft remind us honest toil don't stand a chance, more we work we leave behind us begger patches on our pants. Oh, those pants, once new and glossy, now are patched with many a hue. all because subscribers linger, will not pay us with its due. Then let them be up and doing, send your mite tho' be it small, or when snow of winter strikes us we shall have no pants at all."

The New England Farmer utters a wholesome truth when it says: There is a possibility that careless readers seeing so much in the papers about abandoned farms just now will think that some sudden depression or disaster has overtaken agriculture. This is not so. The abandonment of these farms has been going on, in some cases, for half a century. The general breaking out of so much newspaper talk does not imply that the causes are recent. Agriculture of 1889 90 is not necessarily under a cloud because of farms that were abandoned anywhere from ten to fifty years ago.

John Slago and Wilo Kerwocz went gunning at Audenried Tuesday for the purpose of getting something for the marriage feast of the former, which was to take place next day. Kerwocz's gun missed fire and Slago looked into the barrel, thinking it was blocked with mud or leaves. The weapon exploded blowing away one side of his face. His death is only a matter of a few hours.

The cigarette, after killing a host of small boys, has gone gunning for larger game, so to speak. Last week a full grown man was sent to the insane asylum at Norristown with reason hopelessly dethroned as a result of a cigarette habit. The cigarette is a small thing, but it is armed with most momentous results in its effects upon the human body.

At Falmouth Station, Lancaster Co., late Monday night, a big freight wreck was caused by the breaking of an axle. Fifteen cars, loaded with dressed beef and cattle, were thrown from the track. A number of the cattle were tossed into the canal and drowned and some that were injured had to be killed. The loss to the railroad company will be very heavy.

Four little girls, children of Hugh Dunn, a wealthy mine-owner, of Elliotsville, W. Va., found a keg of powder in an abandoned working last Thursday morning. In some way they exploded it and were blown to atoms. Their mother lost her reason when told of the fate of her children.

Hodges Drayton, a handsome young fellow about 25 years of age, is a noted horse thief known throughout New England. After several years of fruitless pursuit the State police succeeded in running him down, and he was convicted and sentenced for a long term. During his trial sensational circumstances of his birth have become known, and promise to make him even more famous than his crimes. When it became necessary to examine into his history it was discovered that he had been born at the almshouse, and the registry of his birth set his mother's age down at 10 years and 6 months. This was supposed to be a mistake, but investigation proved the remarkable fact true. It seems that his father, now a famous lawyer in Maine, went to Mass., a boy of 15, to visit an aunt. This lady had running errands for her a little girl named Jessie Warner, aged 9, an orphan. She and the nephew grew to be great friends. In the course of a year she became a mother, and had to seek refuge in the almshouse, where the infant phenomenon was born. The mother only died recently, the wife of a respectable tradesman, who knew nothing of her past experience. The child was named Hodges Drayton, and was convicted of stealing when only 10 years old, and has been a thief ever since.

Following is the report of Five Points school, in Tyrone township, Henry L. Gise, teacher, for the first two months. Number pupils enrolled first month, males 6, females 17; per cent of attendance, males 97, females 89; number of visitors 2. Number enrolled during second month, males 14, females 21; per cent. of attendance, males 93, females 88; number of visitors 2.

The following pupils have been in attendance every day for both months: Clara B. and Etna A. Taylor, Georgia and Emma Beales, Flancie Raffensperger, Annie and Clara Eberhardt, Edna A Larsh, Raymond and Roy Chronister, and Willie Beales. Dora Raffensperger and John Eberhardt were present every day during the first month, and Susie G. Beales every day during the second month.

A handsome U. S. flag of best quality bunting has been bought by the school.

A conflagration in Boston, last Thursday morning, burned over two acres of business blocks, causing a loss estimated at $4,000,000. The fire raged for six hours. About two hundred firms in the dry goods and leather section, and one hundred headquarters of agents of New York and Boston firms, were burned out. Two firemen, Daniel Buckley and Frank P. Loker, are missing, and supposed to have perished in the Brown Durrell building, where the fire originated.

It is said that the Spanish Americans propose taking one hundred prominent Americans of the United States on an excursion through South America to show them that country. It would doubtless be quite as much of a surprise to some of our people as the South Americans tour through this country was to them. Such an excursson would not be without good results.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas express, north-bound, was held up by two robbers in the Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, Sunday night, and the express car robbed of about $50,000.

Monday night a south-bound Santa Fe train was boarded in Chickasaw Nation, I. T., by fifteen masked and heavily armed men, who secured about $25,000.

A terrific fight between an eagle and a farmer named Frank Engleman, is reported from near Nashville, Ind. It lasted an hour, and twice Engleman attempted to run, but each time the great bird threw itself in the way and prevented his retreat. At length he caught it by its talons and succeeded in slaying it. The bird measured 6 feet 4 inches from tip to tip.

It is estimated at the Treasury Department that there has been a decrease of $4,000,000 in the public debt since November 1st.

"EVERYBODY LOVED HIM."

Far better than the graven stone,
The sculptured urn, the column tall,
These words they said
Above the dead,
"He loved and was beloved by all!"

By some rare grace that he possessed
From life's beginning to its end,
All hearts he won,
Nor looked upon
A stranger but to find a friend

Ah, well it were to live and die,
Whatever heights of fame we miss,
To win from lips
At life's eclipse,
So sweet an epitaph as this.

Far better than the graven stone,
The sculptured urn, or column tall,
To have it said
When we are dead,
"He loved and was beloved by all!"

—*Josephine Pollard, in the Ledger.*

JEAN'S PORTMANTEAU.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

My story dates back nearly seventy years, but it is a true story, and its significance is as forcible and fresh as if the incidents had occurred but yesterday.

In 1820 there was living in the northern part of Alabama an old Frenchman whom we shall call Jean Paulet. He was a younger son of a noble family in Avignon, had come, a mere lad, to fight for the cause of freedom in this country under Lafayette, and had borne himself well and bravely until the battle of Brandywine, where he lost his right arm, and was obliged to leave the service.

His father was guillotined during the Reign of Terror of Paris. Jean escaped, returned, with the young wife whom he had married, to this country, and found his way to a village in Alabama to which many French refugees had fled.

When the little money which they had brought with them was spent, they scattered. Many of them made their way back to France. Jean Paulet, with his one child, Rose, a girl of twelve, remained. His wife was dead. Jean earned a small sum occasionally by teaching French to the children of the neighboring planters. He and Rose were happy and merry as two children, but often they were hungry, and always shabbily clothed.

One day, as usual, old Judge Pope called at Paulet's cabin to smoke a pipe with him.

"Mosheer," he said, "I have an idea! Why have you never applied for a pension? The country has owed it you for many years. The back payments will amount to a considerable sum."

"Do you mean zat ze Republique zall pay me for ze service I give it?" He drew himself up stiffly. "No, zare! Jean Baulet offered his body and his life to ze help of ze American people. His body and his life vas crippled for dem, but zey will not insult me by paying for dat!"

"Nonsense!" was the judge's irreverent reply to this outbreak of patriotism. "You owe your strength to your child. Having spent it for this country in her need, it is only just that she, in her prosperity, shall help you in your care of Rosy here."

The Frenchman's face glowed.

"Ah, zat is a different light on it! It is a great, noble country, and it cares for ze children of its soldiers! I am willing to receive alms from it, but not pay!"

"Anyhow you like, so you get the money," said the judge. "Let me see your papers—the proofs that you lost your arm in the service." He examined them carefully.

"They're all right," he said. "Now, mosheer, you must take these to Washington. I will write to our Congressman to attend to the affair. Rosy shall stay with us. You must start tomorrow."

Monsieur Paulet changed color, and hesitated painfully.

"Yes, yes, my dear fellow, I understand! It is a long journey, and you are out of funds just now. You must draw on me. I am often out of funds myself and you will be a rich man when you come back. Then I will draw on you. It is all settled."

The kindly but peremptory old judge had his way. Rosy was taken out to the plantation and received with delight by Mrs. Pope, the children and a swarm of young negroes with all of whom the French child was a pet.

Monsieur Paulet, in a new suit of clothes, money and ticket in a brown portmanteau, belonging to the judge, was escorted by almost all the population of the village to the inn from which he was to begin his journey, and departed, loaded with prayers and good wishes for good luck.

It is hard for the people of the present time to understand the traveling of those days. Jean Paulet started in November for Washington on horseback. When he reached the Ohio River where he expected to take a boat, it was frozen over. Then began a long and perilous journey in an open sled along the banks. It was late in January when he reached Wheeling, W. Va., the terminus of the National Road.

He was exhausted and feeble, and his money was nearly spent, but he was thankful, sure now that his troubles were over.

Stage-coaches ran regularly between Wheeling and Baltimore. Poor little monsieur climbed into one of these one stormy day at noon, and, wrapping himself in his blanket, deposited his portmanteau in the straw at the bottom of the coach and curling himself up on the seat, slept heavily. He did not waken until the coach drew up in a little village in Pennsylvania, long after nightfall.

The inn door stood open, and a savory smell of supper poured out. Several coaches, with their teams of prancing horses, stood in the great inn-yard, and hostlers, guards and drivers were stamping about, scolding and swearing.

"Twenty minutes for supper!" shouted the guard in the window at monsieur. Jean, who was the only passenger, crawled out sleepily, and hurried into the warm supper-room.

"There seems to be a grand concourse of ze coach here," he said to a negro waiter.

"Yes, sah. It is one of the big stations on the road. Old Sam'el Boyce lives here. He's superintendent of the stage line. A big owner, too. That is Mr. Boyce, sah," flourishing his napkin toward a short, untidy old man, who stood with his back to the fire peering through his spectacles at the passengers. His bald head rose red and shining above his little, ferret-like eyes; the snuff which he took incessantly drabbled his dirty, ruffled shirt-front.

Monsieur, however, paid no attention to the old man, but hastily ate his supper, paid for it, and hurried out to the coach.

It was gone!

Another, with a different driver and guard, drove up with a dash and toot of the horn into its place.

"This coach for Cumberland!" the guard shouted.

Jean stood stunned and bewildered. He was not a practical, ready man.

"Vere is my coach?" he asked. "It vas red; zis is green. It vas ze Eclipse."

"Get aboard, Frenchy! Can't you ride in anything but a red coach?" shouted the driver. "In with you!"

"C'est mon portmanteau! It is my tickets, my money, my papers!" cried Jean, in an agony of fright, running to and fro.

"What ails the old man?" demanded one of the coachmen.

"His luggage was in the Eclipse, it seems," replied a guard.

"Where is the Eclipse?"

"Gone back to Wheeling, or on to Cumberland. I don't know which."

Jean heard, and stood dumb and trembling, while the men, kindly but ignorant, surrounded him, plying him with questions. "Whabbut ye took yer portmanty out wid ye?" "Take a horse and ride out the Wheeling Pike, an' ye'll overtake it." "No, sir. Ride the other way. It's to Cumberland it's gone." "There was nine passengers got in. Small chance but they'll take the portmanty among them?"

Jean, in all his dismay, had yet some common sense left. He asked to be taken to the Superintendent, and told his story in broken English, with many gestures and tears.

Now, old Mr. Boyce, though he paid a high sum for a front pew in church, never had been known to give a penny in charity, nor a kind word to any one in pain or need. He despised all foreigners. He saw instantly, too, that a mistake had been made which might cost the stage company or himself some money. He did not know which way the Eclipse had gone, and to send a messenger in both directions would cost a few dollars.

"Why did you not take care of your carpetsack?" he snarled, eying poor Jean angrily.

"O monsieur! I haf always leave him in ze coach! Ze American peoples are honest! O monsieur, it is my papers, my money—all!"

"The more reason you should take care of them, then. Here, Joe, go out and see if anybody knows which way the Eclipse went."

"Oh, I thank you, monsieur!" cried Jean, clasping his hands. He drew back and waited. Joe soon returned. It was late, he reported, there were few men in the yard, and seven coaches had started at once. Nobody had noticed at which gate the Eclipe went out.

"There! You hear?" growled Boyce to the old man. He knew that the company was responsible for the lost bag and intended to search for it. But the money which must be spent he would have to pay out of his own pocket. He laughed savagely, as he saw Jean's misery.

"O monsieur! Is zat all? Can notting be done?"

"That is all. You don't expect me to pay you for the bag?"

"Notting can pay me for it. It is all I have," Jean sobbed. He stood a moment longer, but Boyce was talking to the men on other affairs and had apparently wholly forgotten him. He crept out into the night with a wild gesture of despair.

The next morning, O'Rourke, one of the drivers, a kind-hearted Irishman, ventured to ask Mr. Boyce, "An' what became of the little Frenchy last night?"

"How do I know? He went on in one of the coaches to Cumberland, I suppose. He'll be writing back for his bag soon enough. Filled with rags, most likely, judging from his clothes."

A week passed. One evening, just before sunset, O'Rourke, going into the inn stable to look after his horses, heard a cry like that of a choking animal on the mow. He came out, shouting to the other men, "By the powthers of war! I dunno what it is! It's no human bein', nor a horse, nor a dog. It might be a banshee!"

The men ran in, curious and laughing. But in a moment O'Rourke came out, quiet and pale.

"A doctor!" he said. "Mr. Boyce, you have killed him—the Frenchman!"

The other men carried out their burden gently and laid him on the ground, dying, as they thought, and dying of starvation. The skin clung to the bones of his cheeks, his eyes glared out of their sockets in the skull. He could not speak, but gave short, inaudible cries. It was the body, not the soul, that fought against death. While Jean Paulet could think, he had kept silence.

The news spread through the little town. The kindly people gathered about the poor stranger, doctors, and indignant men and weeping women, all anxious to help and nurse him. He was carried to the minister's house. Old Doctor Morton, with the judge, watched over him all night, feeding him as they would a baby, a spoonful at a time. The squire's wife was there before day with a bowl of wine-panada, which she had made with her own hands. She found a crowd of other women, rich and poor, gathered about the door of the parsonage.

"Will he live?"

"Has he spoken again of his little girl?"

"Oh, if he only lives long enough to know that we are not all murderers!"

The village was full of warm, hospitable, Christian feeling, and the thought that a stranger had lain among them, starving to death in his despair, for a week, had roused them all.

Late that morning, when Jean had wakened from his deadly lethargy, old Boyce came skulking up to the minister's door. Some of his neighbor's met him and turned their heads the other way. They had long known the manner of man he was; this was only the culmination of his life of sham piety and meanness.

The old doctor met him at the door.

"Here is the portmanteau. I had it safe three days ago," he muttered and turned away.

The doctor carried it in and laid it on the bed. Jean gave a low cry and caught it in his bony hands. "I can go back to my little girl now!" he whispered.

The people of that village did not do good by halves. They sent Sam Nelson, a promising young lawyer, to Washington, with Jean's papers to substantiate his claims. While he was gone they nursed the old man back to health and strength, handing him about from house to house, and farm to farm, an honored guest. A great trunk was prepared and filled with gifts for little Rose. The women sent pretty dresses, the children dolls' clothes, acorn tea-sets, glass pitchers small enough for the fairies to use.

Sam Nelson returned triumphant, with money enough to make Jean rich. He started at length for home in the very coach, Eclipse, which had brought him.

It hurt him sorely to part with his friends. He waved the poor stump of his arm, wiping away the tears with the other hand.

"If it were not for my friend, the Judge, I would bring my Rose and live among you," he said.

He kissed the children again and again, bowed profoundly to the poor old women, embraced the sturdy, bearded farmers. It seemed as if he could not tear himself away.

How the boys cheered! Even the old men joined in the shout as the red coach went up the hill out of sight, Jean waving his handkerchief out of the window.

Old Boyce watched it grimly through his dingy office window, and then looked at the cheering crowd.

"An old beggar," he muttered, "whom they never can make a penny off of! I have brought thousands of dollars into the town, but not a man in it will give me a civil word!"

Yet in his secret soul he knew that he and the poor old cripple had been weighed in just scales, and had each received his reward.—*Youth's Companion.*

Wrote His Own Epitaph.

According to the Philadelphia *Record*, the will of the late Andrew J. Geiger, the eccentric lumber merchant, whose body was cremated, has been admitted to probate. The estate is valued at $250,000.

Specific directions are contained in the will relative to the disposal of his remains. After providing for the cremation of his body, he directs that a plot of ground be purchased at Jersey Shore, Penn., the home of his boyhood. This is to be inclosed with granite curb. In the centre there shall be erected a pedestal with sunken panels, and on this must rest an obelisk of Egyptian style, either twelve or sixteen feet in height. Continuing, the will reads:

I saw these wonderful monolith obelisks in Egypt, sat in their shade and sighed to have one for my monument in my far-off home in the new world.

The four sides of my obelisk shall face north, east, south and west. The panel on the pedestal facing the east shall have in plain black or Roman letters, covered with gold leaf, A. J. Geiger, born December 12, 1824; died ——

North panel—Traveled 60,000 miles in America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

South panel—Young man, stop and think. See what has been the reward for honesty, industry and economy. In 1847 I worked on Robert Martin's farm near Jersey Shore for 25 cents a day. No fortune left to me.

West panel—Lived and died in the faith of the immutable and unchangeable and nature's God.

Believed in the gospel of peace, right and justice.

What Love Does.

An odd poem begins:

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweete;
Now with his wings he plays with me;
Now with his feete.

If the old time bees were anything like their Florida descendants, that poem might better read:

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth never quail:
Not with his wings he stings—not he;
But with his tail.

—*Florida Times-Union*

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

THE COLOR OF SOWED CORN.

In passing any piece of sowed corn late in the growing season, it is easy to see what will and what will not make good feed. That which has been thickly sown, especially on poor soil, is a light yellow color, tasteless, and nearly void of nutritive value. That sown in drills and cultivated once or twice, is large, thick-stemmed and dark green in color. Taste it and you find the sweetness that with a little more room and time would be transformed into the starch of the perfected grain.

TURNIPS AND POTATOES FOR POULTRY.

According to P. H. Jacobs, poultry authority, young chicks are partial to potatoes, and adult fowls also eat them readily. Save all the small and unmarketable potatoes and boil them for the hens. It is not necessary to mash them, as the hens know how to eat them without assistance. Turnips also make cheap food for poultry, especially ducks, and will pay as a crop for feeding in that manner. The most successful breeders of ducks use turnips, cooked and thickened with bran, for ducklings, and serve as a very satisfactory diet for geese in winter. But little grain is necessary if poultry are well supplied with cooked oats

CELERY.

Celery should be banked soon. Some gardeners are following the practice of tying the tops of each root together before banking. It may take a little more time to tie it first and bank it later, than to have one man handle while two others do the banking, but it has the advantage of keeping the earth out of the centre of the bunch more thoroughly, and there are less stalks broken off in the digging and putting in the pit. It also will pack much closer in the pit. More of the earth can be put up against it with a plow, leaving less to be moved with the shovel. It should not be handled when wet, as this causes rust.

Before there is any chance of the temperature falling below twenty degrees it should be packed as closely as possible, standing upright, and with boards across once in eight or ten rows to prevent any danger of falling over, as if it does not stand upright, it will heat and rot.

The pit should be so covered as to effectually keep out the rain, and have a drainage which will take off any water which may soak in. It should also be ventilated by openings under the peak of the roof, which should be kept open whenever it can be done without danger of freezing, unless it is desired to blanch it out for an early market. Heat and dampness hasten the blanching, but also cause rotting.

As the weather grows colder the pit should be banked up until the sides and ends have a wall nearly four feet thick, and the roof should have not less than one foot of salt hay, or two feet of straw, to protect it from freezing. As the demand for celery is greatest, and the prices better, after the middle of December, those who can keep their celery until that time without danger of freezing or rotting will do well not to hurry the blanching process. It seems that the demand for celery has increased with the increased supply, until the amount sold in our large markets is ten-fold that handled a few years. The better the quality the larger the demand.—*American Cultivator.*

HOW TREES GROW.

There is rarely sufficient room near any tree for all the seeds it produces to germinate or for the seedlings to develop into fully grown individuals. Nature is lavish in sowing seeds that the succession of the plant may be insured. Most trees are gregarious, therefore, in extreme youth, from habit transmitted through many generations. They love company, and really thrive only when closely surrounded. Close planting is essential, therefore, to insure the best results. As the trees grow, the weaker are pushed aside and finally destroyed by the more vigorous, and the plantation is gradually thinned. This is the operation which is always going on in the forest when man does not intervene. It is a slow and expensive operation, however, and the result is attained by a vast expenditure of energy and of good material. The strongest trees come out victorious in the end, but they bear the scars of the contest through life.

The long, bare trunk and the small and misshapen head—the only form of a mature tree found in the virgin forest—tell of years or of centuries of struggle, in which hundreds of weaker individuals may have perished that one giant may survive. But man can intervene, and by judicious and systematic thinning help the strong to destroy the weak more quickly and with less expenditure of vital force. Thick planting is but following the rule of nature, and thinning is only helping nature do what she does herself too slowly, and therefore too expensively. This is why trees in a plantation intended for ornament, like those in a park or pleasure ground, should be planted thickly at first, and why they should then be systematically thinned from time to time; and it is because this systematic thinning is altogether neglected, or put off until the trees are ruined for any purpose of ornament, that it is so rare to find a really fine tree in any public place or private grounds. Of the implements required to produce a fine tree the ax is certainly the first and most important.—*Garden and Forest.*

STRAW, WEEDS AND STUBBLE.

What use shall we make of these waste products of the farm, and how shall we manage them to get the most good at least cost from them? The profits of the farm are not large and we cannot afford to let anything go to loss. If we can by a careful saving of all vegetable matter increase the manure pile so as to transfer a few acres from the unprofitable to the profitable side of the ledger, it is our privilege and duty to do so. The worst possible use a farmer can make of straw is not to use it at all, and strange as it may seem, there are thousand of farmers who do this very thing. They thresh in some remote corner and leave the straw on the ground. I have often counted from five to eight of these straw stacks on a single farm, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Press*, each containing one year's crop of straw. Good, bright wheat or oat straw has considerably more than half the feeding value of an average hay, and either horses or cattle may be wintered in good condition with no other rough feed, with a moderate increase of the grain ration. It is best that this increase shall be of bran, oats and oil meal rather than corn. I have neighbors who bore auger holes in the floor of their horse stall to allow the urine to run through, and yet leave stacks of old straw in the fields. I do not only bed liberally in the stable, but cover my barnyard so that it is never muddy and no liquid runs from it. Weeds, cornstalks, potato vines, clover straw, etc., are all packed into the barnyard. We have just cut and raked up all our wheat stubble for this purpose. From a part of the field we got a full two horse load to the acre. Eight acres of our wheat that had been sown to timothy had made quite a growth, and as the spring was very dry the clover was poor. Consequently foxtail and ragweed made a vigorous start, but we mowed it early and there will not be a foul seed on the field, while the weeds and stubbles will help to keep the barnyard clean and save the urine. The last week in August I visited a neighbor who is a successful wheat grower and found him spreading straw on a field which was plowed and harrowed ready for the drill. He burns this straw and tells me that many years' experience shows him that it pays as well as to manure an equal area. His land is strong and rich in humus, and while this without doubt is good practice for him on thin land it will probably pay better to plow under straw than to burn it. I would always, however, if possible, burn stubble on fields where there has been chinch bugs. It is well on such fields to set the machine to cut high so as to leave enough stubble to burn readily. I have seen excellent effects from burning stubble on land to be plowed for wheat, the wheat in a few weeks after it came up showing to a foot where the stubble had been burned by its strong growth and healthy color.

It is a fact, perhaps not known to all, that one pound of the urine of a horse has a fertilizing power equal to six pounds of the droppings, and the only way we are likely to save this is by free use of absorbents. With good management every farm will furnish enough of these, and it is wise to make tight stable floors and bed freely. Even cornstalks make an excellent absorbent and will decay more quickly than straw. If cut to lengths of from six inches to a foot they make excellent bedding for horses. They crush easily, and the pith of the stalk takes up the liquid better than straw. I scatter the waste of twenty acres of corn fodder over my small barnyard each winter to be tramped and mixed with the straw and manure. By April 1st the manure is in good shape for spreading, and only very close inspection would discover a cornstalk in it.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Never allow the fowls to go thirsty.

Above all things keep the hen house clean and well ventilated.

Sloppy food, only fit for hogs, and the flock suffering with diarrhœa.

When you hear the hooting owl consider—are the fowls all in the coop?

The fattening stock will lay on flesh twice as fast in mild weather as they will after it becomes cold.

Supply the proper conditions of warmth and variety of food, and fowls will lay in winter as well as summer.

It matters not whether certain weeds are ten or ninety per cent. bad: they all succumb to good culture; all perish by the same process.

The first thing to be done to secure a large flow of winter milk is to make the cows comfortable; the next to feed judiciously and liberally.

There is a never-failing market for poultry and eggs on the farmer's own table, and no farmer can do better than to keep this well supplied.

Cracked corn is good food when newly ground. It will become musty sooner than the whole kernel. It is best when the meal is left in and when scalded to swell the mass.

We are glad to notice that there are dairywomen who are not afraid to exhibit their butter at dairy shows. Good home-made butter will never be crowded out of the market by factory butter. The poor will.

A practical test will convince the dairyman that his cows are capable of consuming and digesting a much larger amount of food than the usual allowance. Experiments of this kind will soon denote which of the cows pay the best by noting whether the excess of food is converted into increased quantity of milk or flesh.

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The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 1ST, 1889.

Representative Lemon has proposed an amendment to the high license law, which whold give a license to every man who applies for it, provided he is of good character and a citizen of the United States. The present system gives a monopoly of liquor selling to a few, and in most cases these are not the best qualified for a proper use of the privilege. Monopolies are always obnoxious, and in view of the principle upon which this one is founded, it is especially so, for if the sale of intoxicating liquors be a public evil, nobody should be given the privilege of selling them; and if it be a proper thing, every citizen alike should have the privilege within his reach. The high license system maintains a money-making business for the benefit of the well-to-do only, to the exclusion of the poor. A man of means can get a license; a poor man, no matter how excellent his character or how eligible his location, cannot get license.

Since the amount of the Sheriff's fees in committing tramps to the Cumberland county jail has been reduced to nine cents a day by Judge Sadler these worthless vagabonds have entered into a conspiracy to rob the farming community. A number of robberies have taken place near Carlisle during the past week, and all committed by tramps. While the family of Jacob Myers, farmer, near the Ridge, in South Middleton township, were absent from home Wednesday morning, a gang of tramps entered his house and stole every thing they could lay their hands on, such as clothing of all kinds, money and other articles. The officers have arrested a number of them. The county is overrun with tramps, and it is stated that about 200 to 250 are now lying in jail. —Echo.

A suit brought by George H. Reider against the Pennsylvania Railroad for damages, almost nineteen years ago, was disposed of in court at Lancaster, Tuesday. One night early in 1870 Reider, who lived in Middletown, took a train at Elizabethtown for home, the agent telling him it stopped there. The conductor upon taking tickets told him that the train did not stop at Middletown and demanded 31 cents, the fare from that place to Harrisburg. Reider refused to pay and was ejected from the train. He was compelled to walk several miles and was injured in falling.

The defense was that the request of the conductor was reasonable and that no force had been used in ejecting Reider. The jury was out seventeen hours and rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $92.09.

A dozen young thieves have found a mine in a portion of the Weldin building, which was wrecked by the recent cyclone at Pittsburg. These young rascals discovered marketable goods, including books, stationery, etc., and found a way to it by tunneling from the cellar of the Wiley building in the rear. Eight boys are now lodged in the Central Police station. For some time it was a mystery where the boys had disposed of the stolen goods, but it was learned from one of the boys that he had sold his plunder to Lawrence Braun, a young man living on the hill. The officers arrested Braun, and found about $150 worth of goods he had purchased for about $10. Visits were also made to the homes of the different boys under arrest, and altogether $100 worth of stuff was found. An information was made against Braun for receiving stolen goods, and he is now under arrest.

Captain Joseph B. Rife, of Middletown, Dauphin county, was thrown from his carriage at the east end of Harrisburg, Tuesday evening and killed. He was appointed second lieutenant 6th infantry, U. S. A., by Secretary of War Simon Cameron, in July, 1861, and served with credit during the war of the Rebellion, the reconstruction period in the South and upon the plains. He resigned from the army with the full rank of captain.

Hiram Smith and Wm. Beecher, of Manheim township, York county, who were arrested for Arson, had their second hearing last Tuesday at Railroad borough, and after hearing a large number of witnesses no evidence could be brought against them and they were discharged. Both men are highly respected citizens of their township, and they had the sympathy of the entire community.

United States Senator Plumb was re-elected by the Kansas Legislature.

A. H. McCulloh, one of the best-known citizens of Chambersburg, attempted suicide Tuesday evening at his home. He had been melancholy for some time and swallowed half an ounce of aconite. He at once became frightened. A physician was sent for and his life was saved. McCulloh was for thirty five years in the employ of the Cumberland Valley Railroad Company, rising from the position of conductor to that of general ticket agent. He resigned two years ago because of ill health. He is 70 years old,

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A terrific explosion occurred at Harvey's silk mill at Scranton Monday morning. One of the four large boilers in use, exploded, tearing the engine and boiler rooms to pieces, and throw- the debris in every direction. One side of the mill was completely wrecked, and the three floors were filled with bricks and pieces of timber. Several persons were more or less seriously injured. A small two-story frame house, close by, was literally torn to pieces, and his wife was buried with wreckage, but escaped serious injury.

During a storm Friday night two school children near Hitchcock, Dak., perished in the snow and a third was severely frozen. Owing to the storm, their brother could not get to the school house as usual, to take them home, but lost their way and were soon overcome with cold. When found the next morning, two were dead and the third unconscious.

Dover will have a shooting for a two-year old colt on Saturday, the 9th of March.

Mr. D. C. Flemming, of the City Hotel, York, has rented the Central Hotel in Hanover and will take possession on April 1st.

Mr. David Newcomer has sold his European Hotel in Hanover to Mr. G. P. Fuhrman, of Hampstead, Md.

Mr. Emanuel Chronister, of Oxford township, lost a fine mare on Monday from colic.

Efforts are being made to establish another bank in Hanover, to be known as a Safe Deposit and Trust Company.

Word has been received by his family at Hanover that Chas. G. Herman has arrived safely at his destination in South America.

James King, of York, and John Klugh, of Franklin township, York county, have been drawn as jurors for a U. S. district court at Philadelphia on the 18th of next month. The former for the petit jury and the latter as a grand juror.

Jacob Tome, a former Hanoverian, now a wealthy resident of Port Deposit, Md., intends to establish an industrial school there, at an estimated cost of a half million dollars.

Members of the State Board of Health Wednesday visited the various towns in Lehigh county where diphtheria exists to such an alarming extent. The disease has spent its course and has nearly subsided. The open winter and malaria in the atmosphere are believed to have been the cause. The disease was very contagious.

At New Tripoli, Berks county, Wednesday Richard Griffly, aged 21, employed at a slate quarry fell from a trestle forty feet high and was killed. His head was crushed to a jelly.

At Grimsville, Berks county, while Mrs. Charles Bleiler, a widow, was sitting in her room Wednesday a stove set fire to her dress. She ran out in the open air with the hope of extinguishing the flames, but death ensued.

The ferry boat Brooklyn, of the Hamilton Ferry, crashed into a steam launch belonging to the German steamer Hanson Court, Tuesday evening, on the East River, at New York, and two of the five men on board were drowned.

The Bethlehem (Pa.) Iron Co.'s pattern shop, filled with valuable patterns, and the foundry were Tuesday evening destroyed by fire with their contents. Loss about $20,000.

Thomas Finneral, a lineman in the employ of the Long Distance Telephone Co., was on Monday engaged in work on extra high poles at Bridgeport, Ct. When he reached a height of about 60 feet while climbing a ninety-foot pole, he lost his grip and fell to the ground, receiving probable fatal injuries.

A painful and perhaps fatal accident occurred on board the steamer Republic at her dock at New York Sunday. By the bursting of the steam pipe ten of the crew were enveloped in steam and badly burned. If they have not inhaled any of the steam they may recover.

A steam boiler exploded in the saw mill of R. U. Perkins, at Poplar Bluff, Mo., Saturday afternoon killing three men and fatally injuring three more.

The production of oats in the United States show a great increase. In the last eight years, the average crop has been 449,000,000 bushels, against an average of 314,000,000 for the ten years preceding The increase is owing to requirements of the increased number of houses, to the substitution of oats for corn in the South, for feeding horses, and the more general use of oatmeal as food for man. The area of the oats fields has also increased proportionately more than that of wheat or corn, and the price shows a proportionate decline.

A frightful coasting accident took place at Reading, Friday. Eight boys, from 15 to 17 years of age, were coasting down Elm street occupying a coaster 15 feet long. They were going at a frightful speed when they ran into a milk wagon. The boys were hurled in every direction. The vehicle was demolished and all the boys more or less injured.

Near Weldon, Huntingdon County, some Italian laborers killed two cows belonging to a Mr. Hicks, and ate the hind quarters and left the remainder in the woods. When asked why they did this they replied, "Free American, free cow, free eat."

The Pennsylvania Local Fair Association is the name adopted for an association to promote the interests of agricultural fairs, organized last week, at Harrisburg, by delegates from many of the agricultural societies of the State.

John W. Rudy, who killed his father at Lancaster, was Friday sentenced to be hanged. The day will be set by the Governor.

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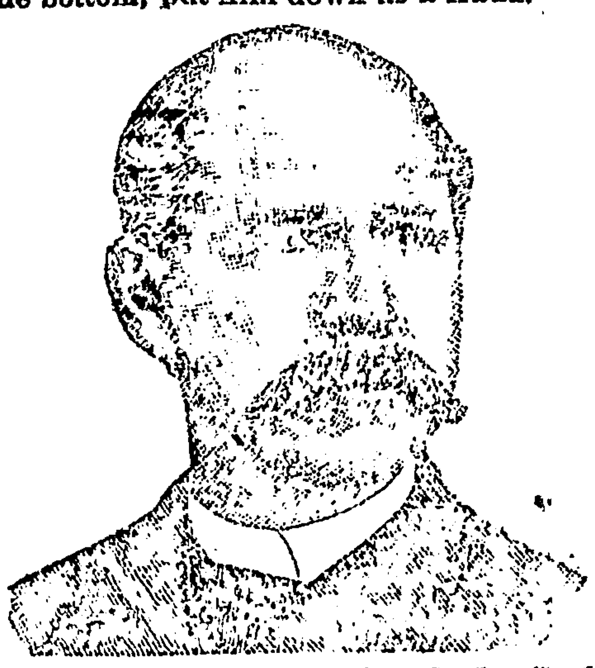

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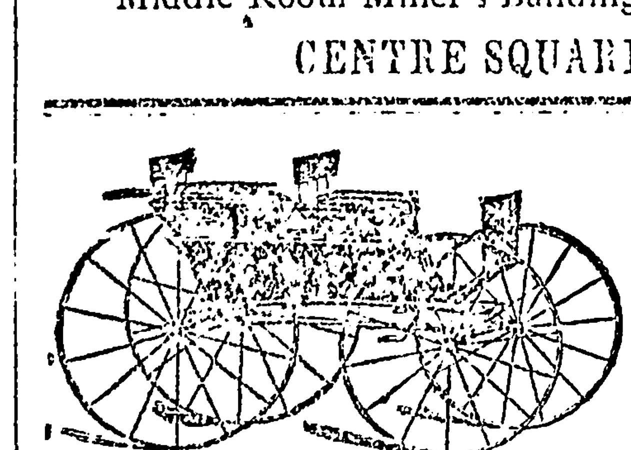

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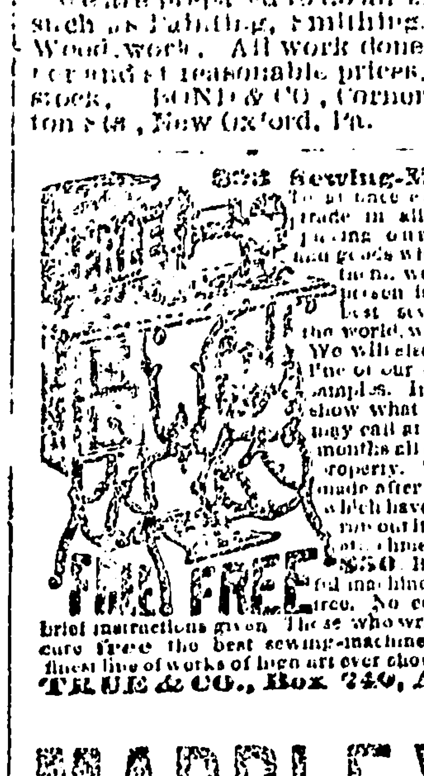

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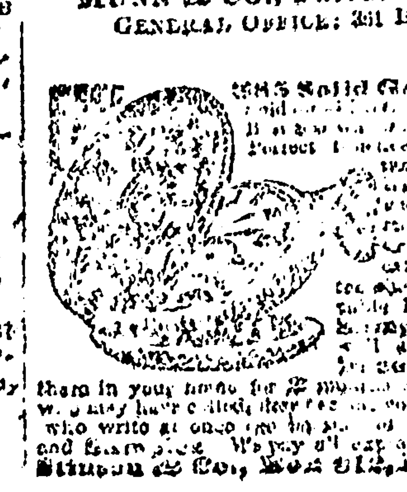

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LEVIATHANS OF THE DEEP.

INTERESTING AND CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT WHALES.

The Whale is Not a Fish—Not All Whales Furnish Whalebones—Their Small Throats.

Of all the modern scientists engaged in the work of investigation, perhaps none have adopted a field more peculiar and entertaining than Professor Frederick W. True, of the National Museum. Professor True is a young man, but he has already spent five years of his career as a scientist in looking up one subject—whales.

"The reason that my attention was directed to this subject particularly," said Professor True to a Washington *Post* reporter, "was the fact that so little was known to scientific men concerning whales. The works on zoology either treated the whale with a few generalizations, or ignored it altogether. My purpose has been to cover this field as well as it possibly can be done with such sources of information as are available. I spent four months in England and the continent of Europe in the study of specimens.

"Only about eighteen species of the fifty-six that frequent the coast of North America are well known, and the majority of these of forms which have long been under observation. The number of species whose habits, variations and distribution are thoroughly understood is still smaller. The life of the whale is passed with but little of it being visible, and it is not an approachable animal. What is known of its life has been obtained at long range, and many errors have thereby crept in. All the romance about thrilling adventures in the capture of the whale have had their day. It is still regarded as a dangerous occupation, but nothing like what it was in the past. You will hear no more stories of hand harpooning and the smoking line running out over the bow, the boat towed by a leviathan at lightning speed, and all those details that illuminated the old-time stories of the sea. Now whales are killed with a bomb lance, fired as any other projectile, at a moderately long range. It carries an explosive substance that detonates when the lance enters the body of the whale. That is the modern way. The whale is generally harpooned afterward in order to make it fast, and unless this is attempted before the whale is dead it is not attended with any danger."

"What are some of the popular fallacies in regard to whales?"

"In the first place the greatest of them all is that the whale is a fish. It is a mammal with none of the characteristics of a fish, except that it exists in the water. An animal that nurses its young, and has rudimentary hind legs, could hardly correspond to a fish in any respect. In almost every cut of a whale you will see the animal spouting a tremendous volume of water from his blowholes. This is purely an imaginary habit on the part of the whales. The blowholes of the whales correspond to the nostrils of other animals. When it comes to the surface to breathe, it expels the air from its lungs with a violent effort. Its nostrils are apt to be slightly under water, and the result is a column of spray rises in the air. This has been mistaken in the distance by sailors for a column of water. When a whale had been harpooned so that its lungs had been penetrated, it is likely that the whale spouted blood and water through its nostrils, and this has confirmed the original error when the sailors observed it at close range.

"Another popular error," continued Professor True, "is that all whales furnish whalebone. Two great classifications among whales are the toothed and the whalebone varieties. The sperm whale is a toothed whale, and the right whale is a whalebone whale. The whalebone in a good-sized whale is worth several hundreds of dollars. The toothed whales really have not much use for their teeth, as they cannot chew anything with them. They are merely a row of points that serve to grasp a fish or other kind of prey, and hold it until it can work it down its throat. The teeth are only on the lower jaw. There are no molars among the teeth, and they cannot grind the food. Then the jaw is not hung so that it can do anything more than snap. The whalebone whale uses the fringe of the whalebone around the upper jaw in lieu of teeth. It strikes a school of shellfish, which abound in great numbers in the sea, and when its gets them in its mouth it closes its jaws. The water is squeezed out and the whale swallows everything that is left."

"How large an object can a whale swallow?"

"The throat of the largest specimen is not more than three inches and a half in diameter. Jonah was a very small man if he made the round trip through a whale's throat."

"Have any species been exterminated?"

"From what we know, it is not probable. For a few years the right whale disappeared totally from the North American coast. None were stranded, and there was no evidence that any more were in existence. A year or two ago one or two specimens were seen, and now they are reasonably plentiful again. Whether they disappeared because they were pursued by man or for some other reason we cannot establish. That they totally disappeared, however, is conclusive. The fact is, that when a certain kind of whale becomes so scarce as to be in danger of extermination it then becomes unprofitable to chase it, and the opportunity for a renewal of the breed is favorable."

"Do they breed rapidly?"

"One or two at a birth is the rule. The smaller varieties generally bear twins, and a single one at a birth is probably the case with the greater varieties. The infants are born pretty well able to take care of themselves, though they are carefully nursed by the mother until they are swift enough to provide themselves with food. It is the belief that the mother floats on her side on top of the water when nursing, so that the young can suckle with their blowholes out of water. Whether this is true or not I do not know. A female with young is very wary and difficult to approach, so that very little can be gathered on this point from actual observation."

"Do whales ever sleep?"

"That is one of the many things that we do not know. Sperm whales have been known to lie on the water motionless for a considerable period, but it can only be guessed whether they are asleep or not. A whale could not sleep under water for any length of time. It has a capacity for storing a great deal of air in the blood vessels that fill the neck and are found well down through the body; but at the furthest this could not last it more than a half hour, when it would have to come to the surface to blow. It is assumed that many of the lower forms of life never sleep, but in the case of the whale I do not know that that point has ever been investigated. It will be a long time before we know all that it is necessary to know about the rovers of the sea. It is, indeed, strange that, while the external and internal peculiarities and the life-history of numberless insects and minute and lowly animals have been thoroughly investigated, many of these great beasts have been entirely neglected."

SELECT SIFTINGS.

One Colorado wheat field employs 300 hands.

Gold is melted at a temperature of about 1300 degrees.

Mahogany and ebony are used for railroad ties in Mexico.

A petrified alligator was recently found on the beach at Cutler, Me.

Freemasons in the United States number 650,000; in the world about three million.

Educational gifts on the average amount to about $5,000,000 per annum in this country.

A Chinaman arrested for fighting registered as Cabbage Cow at a San Francisco police station.

The colony at Victoria, Australia, with 1,100,000 inhabitants, is said to muster 150 "religious sects."

A lady who fell asleep on an Allentown (Penn.) street car was carried around the line three times before awaking.

A fifty-year-old grapevine grows in Germantown, Penn., on a trunk which measures two feet and a half round.

A huge wrist-pin in the shape of a horseshoe has recently been cast in Pennsylvania which weighed 2500 pounds.

At the mayoralty of Berthecourt, France, babies are now baptized in the name of the republic, and so duly registered.

The flag with forty-two stars will not be legal until July 4, 1890. The new States will not be admitted until next winter.

A man who is in the Birmingham (Ala.) jail charged with murder weighed only eighty pounds when arrested. His weight is now 160.

The force which a California pumpkin exerts while growing is equal to the strength of a large horse attached to a stick of timber.

The grade of the cogged-track railway which is being built at Pike's Peak, Col., will be twenty-five feet to the one hundred, or 1320 feet to the mile.

A lion in the Philadelphia Zoo, suffering from the toothache, his keeper administered laughing gas, put the beast to sleep and safely extracted the offending molar.

An Ohio father sent a note to the county judge forbidding him to issue a marriage license to his daughter. It had no effect, for the "girl" went there herself and swore she was thirty-five years of age.

There is a large body of English Mussulmans at Cape Town, South Africa, the descendants of Malay seamen. Their language is English, but they are provided with mollahs and Arabic teachers from Constantinople.

The Ceylon papers announce the death of an elephant named Sella, which has served the public works department for over sixty-five years, and had worked in various parts of the island under different circumstances for an unknown period.

In the neighborhood of Stafford, England, three old men, whose united ages amount to 213 years, have just completed a task of hoeing twelve acres of common turnips, etc. The same men have worked on the same farm and for the same farmer unitedly for 120 years.

One of the notable men in Pulaski County, Va., is William Craig. He is eighty-five years old and the father of twenty-one children, the youngest being twenty-nine years of age and the oldest sixty-five. His wife is eighty-four. He works on his form every day and says he feels as young as when only forty.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

The craze for antique oak and white and gold furniture is on the increase.

Brown, tan, gray, and black gloves are the correct wear with all out-of-door toilers.

All waists have surplices, bretelles, plastrons, waistcoats or revers of one kind or another.

The new Duchess of Marlborough is making a reputation in England by raising fine dogs.

Embroideries are not used on the choicest underwear. Lace trimmed goods are first choice.

A discussion has been started lately as to the advisability of having at least seven pockets in a dress.

Hangings of willow bamboo are used for country bedroom windows. They can be looped back or left hanging.

Entire dresses of crocheted wool are worn by English children, especially delicate ones, in cold, damp weather.

At the sale of the Duke of Brunswick's effects in London, Mrs. Mackey purchased a pair of diamond ear-rings for $400,000.

The Carrick cape, with a flat boa or stole ending in square tabs at the knees or higher, is a fashionable London wrap.

A handkerchief in the possession of the Empress of Russia is said to have cost $2500. It took seven years to make it.

In the manicure world filbert finger nails are cultivated and the moons brought out with a touch of cherry lip rouge.

A piano once owned by the wife of President John Quincy Adams is now in the possession of Miss Cordelia Meyers, of Newville, Penn.

It is said the milliner who makes the bonnets for the Princess of Wales and her daughters has no other customers and does not hang out a sign.

The exquisite "finish" which is put upon all dresses and mantles, and which is the distinguishing feature of the times, is an outcome of the tailor gown.

Some one who has made a study of the chemical properties of veal urges women who desire to become beautiful to sleep with slices of it on their faces.

Mrs. Harrison has now in the White House several quaint and genuine pieces of antique furniture which she picked up during her summer's visit to Nantucket.

The mother of the famous Guernsey sisters performed the remarkable feat at the age of seventy of learning Hebrew enough to read the Psalms in their original tongue.

An old friend has come to the fore again this season in the shape of ladies' cloth. This fabric appears with border effects, which are a novelty. It is likely to be exceedingly popular.

The richest woman in Wisconsin is Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, whose husband left her an estate worth many millions. She is the widow of the late President of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road.

Queen Maria Pia, of Portugal, who has been spoken of frequently as the best-dressed woman in Europe, is said to enjoy occasional flights to Austria, Belgium or Germany on symyathetic missions.

The Empress Frederick, in fulfilment of a wish of her late illustrious consort, sent, on the anniversary of the battle of Sedan, sums of money to a great number of needy soldiers who were wounded in that engagement.

The general rule for street toilets is to have a plain long redingote of plain stuff, word over a skirt of striped tartan, brocaded, figured, or bordered material, and this rule is followed for silk suits as well as for woolen.

Three Austrian ladies, sisters—the Milles. Welt—have passed the examination on the honor list for the doctor's degree at the University of Vienna. Women doctors are not, however, permitted to practice in the Empire, and two of the sisers have sailed for America.

Dove or Quaker gray is the most fashionable and also the most becoming shade of this most trying color. It combines well with Eiffel, pale rose, blue, water green, canary yellow, flamingo red, and other shades of bright and positive color, with cream, pure white, black, silver and gold, copper and steel.

It is to be feared that the very small bonnets which even elderly women seem so fond of will bring about an invasion of hair. "Too much hair and not enough hat" form a combination that has been fashionable before. Can we ever forget the day of big chignons and little tip-tilted saucer-shaped hats? Is not the very thought of a return to these terrifying?

Ringoal is a new English out-of-doors game for ladies. It is played with grace hoops and sticks and two nets eight feet high and ten feet wide. It is proposed to make it rival and rule out tennis, if possible, as it exercises both arms, both shoulders, both hands, and the whole body in the running and turning necessary to catch the hoops before they reach the goals or nets.

Oriental ideas prevail in costumes. Persian, Bulgarian, Turkish, Servian and Arabian embroideries are all the rage, and are used on gowns of pure white and cream serge, on velvets and silk and woolen, and silk and wool mixtures of all colors and shades, converting the garments with which they are trimmed, no matter what the material, into gorgeous wonders of taste and fine art and dreams of splendor.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Gum chewers' paralysis is the latest form of professional neurosis recorded in medical literature.

The new telescope for the Harvard observatory has been completed and will be used for photographing stars.

Some interesting experiments have lately been undertaken at Cherbourg, France, to ascertain the possibility of telephoning between topedo boats and the admiral's ship, so that orders can be given direct.

The smokeless powder intended for use in the Austrian army is now declared to be perfect. Beside the initial advantage of being smokeless, it is said to give a velocity some twenty per cent. greater than that of ordinary powder.

A Brazilian inventor has devised a method of keeping soup plates and other article in their places on board ship in rough weather. This is, to have the plates fitted with an iron foot, and an electro-magnet fitted into the table keeps the plate in position.

It is stated that successful trials have been made privately in Austria with a new explosive, probably of the nature of melinite, prepared by an officer, Lieutenant Kubin. It is called "ecrasite," and is said to be very powerful, and at the same time insensible to mechanical and atmospheric influences.

A German scientist wishes to determine by means of photography if the moon is inhabited, and it is said that the King of Wurtemberg has decided, in order to solve this interesting problem, to cause to be made, in the best possible condition, photographs of the moon; then to enlarge the negative 190,000 times.

M. de Susini, a Corsican doctor, has, it is asserted, constructed a motive apparatus or propeller of twenty-horse power, which is worked by sulphuric ether, a result which the doctor anticipates will realize a saving of sixty-five per cent. of the combustible material at present employed for setting machinery in motion.

A young German student of Assyriology has been experimenting with soft tiles and a stylus, and concludes that the Assyrians wrote their cuneiform lines with a cube-shaped instrument having a pointed end, which was made of wood, not metal. He professes to find it very easily to write cuneiform as rapidly as German with such a stylus.

It is calculated that a range of mountains consisting of 176 cubic miles of solid rock falling into the sun would only maintain the heat for a single second. A mass equal to that of the earth would maintain the heat for only ninety-three years, and a mass equal to that of the sun itself falling into the sun would afford 33,000,000 years of sun heat.

Professor Hirschberg declares in a Viennese medical paper that Professor Ebers, the well-known novelist, has rendered a great service to medical science by the discovery, translation and reproduction in facsimile of part of a valuable MS. containing medical recipes used in Egypt and written about 1500 years before Christ. The portion translated and annotated by Ebers treats of diseases of the eye. It is the oldest medical treatise now known.

A peculiar tendency in idiots to imperfections and disease in the teeth has been noticed by several physicians; and it has been studied by Madame Sollier in a hundred cases of idiots taken at random. The multiplicity and variety of the dental lessons were remarkable; and the conclusion has been drawn that idiocy, with or without epilepsy, predisposes to arrests of development and to anomalies of dentition. The effect rarely appears in the first teeth, however, but almost wholly in the second.

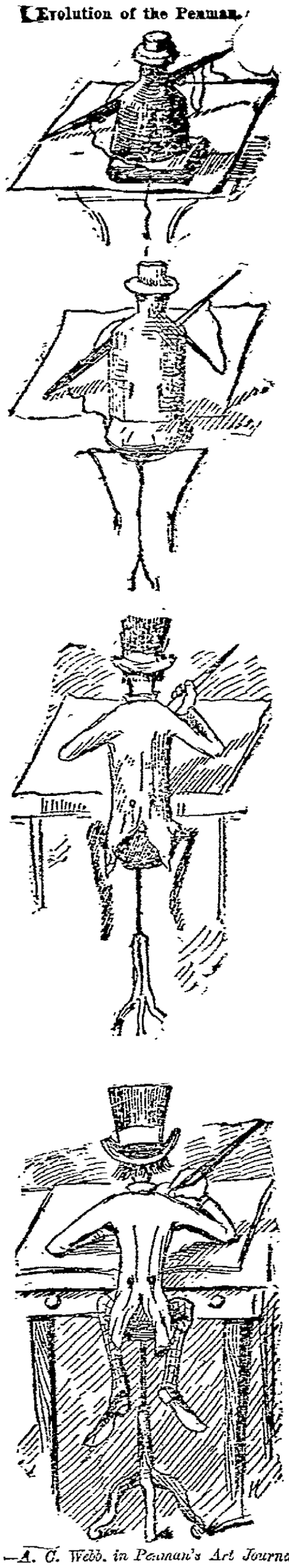
A Dog That Showed Sense.

A little crowd of seedy men, says the New York *Tribune*, were gathered the other night about one of the ugly furnaces that defaced City Hall Park, while the contractors were covering the plaza with asphaltum. They were warming their bodies in the tarry smoke that streamed out of it, and had deserted the seats under the trees where they had slept most of the summer.

"I saw a queer thing happen here yesterday," said one of them. "A big Newfoundland dog, with a muzzle on him, was following a boy along Mail street, when a little bull terrier made a dash for him and got a death grip on one of the big fellow's ears. It was all done so quick that the Newfoundland was being well chewed before he knew what struck him. He gave a howl and a snap at the little brute, but his muzzle would not allow him to open his jaws, and the bull terrier chewed away like mad. All he could do was to turn tail and run, but the terrior did not loose his grip and went along, too. They dashed through the crowd, passed the fountain, and out on the plaza here, where the big fellow nearly ran over a pail of smoking hot tar that was standing for a moment by the side of a workman, who had stepped to light his pipe.

"Quick as a flash the big dog stopped, and threw his head as high in the air as he could. This dragged the little terrier well off his feet, and nearly tore the ear from the head of the Newfoundland, but when the little brute came down again, he lit plump in the pail of burning tar. He let go quick enough then, you bet, and as the big fellow trotted off, shaking his head, I felt like giving him a cheer for his smartness."

Evolution of the Penman.



—*A. C. Webb, in Penman's Art Journal.*

Make Yourself Solid.

If you have frequent headaches, dizziness and fainting spells, accompanied by chills, cramps, corns, bunions, chilblains, epilepsy and jaundice, it is a sign that you are not well, but are liable to die any minute. Pay your subscription a year in advance and thus make yourself solid for a good obituary notice.—*Danville (N. Y.) Breeze.*

Mr. Edmund Gosse was presented, on the occasion of his resigning the Clark lectureship in English literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, with a beautiful service in old Sheffield plate, by a number of university men who attended his lectures as undergraduates, 'in the hope that our gift may serve to remind you of a pleasint episode in your life and of those whom you charmed and stimulated.'

A Sacrifice.

"Do you sell postage-stamps here, Bub?" asked old Mrs. Bargin, entering the drug store.

"No, 'm," returned the boy; "we just give 'em away at cost."—*Puck.*

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The New Oxford Item.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR per annum in advance.—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

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FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 1ST, 1889.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Spring elections on Tuesday, Feb. 19th.

Hon. Francis Cole lost a cow last week, and two more are sick.

Mr. L. Rice, of Wenksville, lost a valuable horse last week by death.

Cattle are dying in York county from a disease known as black quarters.

Wheat, which was advanced four months ago, is fast sinking to its old level, but the retail price of flour does not follow it.

William Leas and wife, of Reading township, have appointed 'Squire Blausser their assignee for the benefit of their creditors.

The State Senate has confirmed the nomination of Dr. J. O'Neal, of Gettysburg, as a member of the State Board Public Charities.

Mrs. Daniel Stoner, of Fairfield, died very suddenly on Friday evening. She had eaten a hearty supper and about 1 o'clock was a corpse.

Friday, April 26th, the Odd Fellows of the United States will celebrate as the 70th birthday anniversary of the Order in the United States.

The United States Senate has confirmed the nomination of George W. Hensel, of Lancaster, as Internal Revenue Collector for this district.

A report reached us this morning that Mr. F. X. Noel, of Conewago township, had a foot mashed while cutting ice yesterday, but we have no particulars.

Persons prematurely gray can have their hair restored to its youthful beauty, by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the best article in the market.

George Zinn, of Penn township, Cumberland county, recently lost a valuable colt by death. It got a splinter in its head near the ear which produced lock-jaw.

The repairing of the damage caused by the recent storm at the Carlisle Indian training school was completed on Saturday. Over 13,000 feet of tin roofing had to be replaced.

Last Monday a joint congregational meeting was held by the Reformed and Lutheran congregations of St. Luke's church to consider the feasibility of building a new house of worship on the site of the old one.

Friday forenoon a Mr. Heikes, of near Five Points came to town for a load of lumber, and when he was about starting from Himes's lumber yard with the load, the saddle horse which he was riding fell. Mr Heikes's leg which was underneath, was considerably bruised, laming him considerably.

An once of prevention is better than a pound of cure. A dose of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup will assist your baby in teething, and prevent it from being attacked by cholera infantum, colic or other diseases with which babies suffer.

Nothing so quickly and dispels confidence as disappointment. Laxador never disappoints any one using it for such diseases as liver and blood disorders, dyspepsia, constipation or flatulency.

FOR SALE.—A first-class new Dayton Wagon, will be sold cheap. Inquire of G. N. WARNER & BRO., New Oxford

At the morning session of the Legislature on Tuesday the members from Adams county received a petition of residents of York Springs and Hamiltonban township, containing the names of 76 voters and 56 non-voters, praying for the passage of the Prohibitory Amendment. It was presented to the Speaker of the House by Dr. Brown.

THE DOCTOR AND POSTMASTER Were talking about a case of serious illness, due to a neglected Cold and rapidly going into Consumption, which was promptly cured by Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 Cents.

Experience has shown sufferers with Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Liver Complaint, in fact all diseases, arising from a disordered system that nothing equals Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator for these troubles. Try it. Trial bottle free, at Barnitz's Drug Store.

Mr. Calvin D. Wisler, of Arendtsville, has stocked and repaired 121 guns since the first of May last.

Mr. Jacob Benner, father of Geo. J. Benner, Esq., died at his residence in Gettysburg, Tuesday morning. He was about 83 years old.

Mr. John Weaver died in Manchester, Md., on Tuesday last. He was aged 86 years and one of the oldest citizens of the place. He was the father of Mr. G. W. Weaver of Gettysburg.

Messrs. Baer & Little, butchers of Hanover, killed on last Thursday a steer, which weighed 1448 pounds and dressed 870 pounds. The steer was bought from Jere. Johns, McSherrystown.

Al. Howe, of Huntington twp, employed by Albert & Eckenrode, steam threshers, whilst working at the engine one day last week, by some means tore off the end of the little finger of his left hand.

"Take the bull by the horns" is the old adage. But you take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup by the teaspoonful. A few drops for a child. One bottle will save the lives of a family. For coughs colds, bronchitis, etc., it is excellent and safe. 25 cents.

In the treatment of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, tic douloreaux, semicrania &c., the value of Salvation Oil cannot be over estimated. It kills pain. Price twenty five cents a bottle.

Joseph R. Hosler, of Cumberland county, lost a valuable cow a few days ago by choking on a turnip. He also recently lost by death a thoroughbred bull and fifty hogs ranging in weight from 75 to 175 pounds.

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, Arnica Oil Liniment and Downs' Elixer, for sale at Dicks' drug store.

On Tuesday morning last McCullough's school house in Newton twp., Cumberland county, near Big Spring, was entirely consumed by fire. The school furniture and books were saved. The fire originated from a defective flue and the flames were bursting from the roof when discovered. No insurance. The house will be rebuilt at once.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29, 1886.—I have had more benefit from the "Black Pill" than from any other medicine, or I might say, all other remedies combined. My difficulty was Dyspepsia.
Yours truly, WM. M. GALT.

Mr. Galt was chairman of Pres. Cleveland's inauguration committee.

A horse belonging to James Gensler, liveryman, while standing in the stable on Thursday, was severely wounded on the hip by means of a sharp stick which penetrated the flesh about an inch. The anamal has since suffered great pain, and, at one time it was thought the injury would prove fatal. Who perpetrated the fiendish act is unknown.—Mt. Holly Echo.

Charles Muttersbaugh was arrested in Carlisle Tuesday charged with stealing a horse from in front of a store in Greenvillage, Franklin county, on Saturday night, The horse was found in his possession. He is small in stature and not yet 17 years old. He is in jail awaiting trial. His home is at Mt. Rock.

FROM THE NATION'S CAPITAL.—Mr. A. N. Hazen, Washington, D. C. says the famous Red Flag Oil is a perfect family medicine and has no equal for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Cuts, Burns and all bodily pain. Price 25 cents.

Consumption, are you troubled with this terrible disease, if so take healthy exercise, live in open air, use Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure and be cured don't delay. Price 25 Cents. At Barnitz's Drug Store.

Col. W. H. Owen, of the Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., and Mr. A. J. Zabriskie, Assistant Engineer of the New York Commission, were at Gettysburg last Thursday and selected a plot in the southern part of the National Cemetery, for the Memorial of New York to her dead on that field. The ground was staked off on the knoll immediately south of the rostrum, and the plot is 90 feet in diameter. The character or architecture has not yet been considered or determined. The appropriation for its construction is $50,000 and it is thought $50,000 adantional will be added. The site selected is most beautiful, and one of the most eligible on the whole battlefield.

Election of Officers.

On last Monday the McSherrystown and Hanover Turnpike Company elected the following officers:

Directors—Rufus Krug, Vincent O'Bold, F. X. Smith, Reuben Young, J. E. Melhorn, Jesse Forry, William Menges, S. L. Witmer and S. L. Johns.

A twelve per cent. dividend was declared, payable on and after April 1.

Court Proceedings.

From the Star and Sentinel.

The hearing of license applications continued on Tuesday after we went to press. The application of Lewis F. Leese, New Oxford, was refused as the Court was not satisfied that he was the only person interested in the business. Licenses were granted to Rueben Altland, of Berwick Borough, Fred. W. Coleman, Springs Hotel, Cumberland township, Henry Shaffer and Wm Sunday, of East Berlin, S. S. Stocksleger, of Franklin township, Peter Shively, of Hamiltonban township, Chas. A. Wiest, Henry K. Sherman and Chas. E. Weikert, Littlestown, Elizabeth Johns, Rudolph Fuchs and Peter McSherry, McSherrystown, James A. Grimes, Mountpleasant township, Reuben K. Sipe, of Reading township, Jane A. Reed and John Lerew, of York Springs. The Court instructed several of the licensees that they must provide a sitting or business room separate from the bar, for the accommodation of their guests.

The Gettysburg licenses were taken up and those of Capt. Wm. J. Martin, for liquor store, Jas. O. McCavitt, restaurant, and Mrs. Slonaker, Washington House, were granted. The license of Alex. Stouffer, for the Central Hotel was continued, and will probably be granted if the bar room is removed from the basement and a separate office provided. The application of Lewis J. Ramer for bottler's license was continued until March 4, until the building is completed.

In the applications of Henry Yingling, Frank S. Ramer, Frank Eberhart, Simon J. Diller and David McCleary it appearing that during the past year liquor had been sold at their bars to Wm. and Geo. Little, persons of known intemperate habits, the cases were held under advisement by the Court until Saturday. The decision of the Court was announced Saturday After admonishing all landlords that the law must be obeyed or their license revoked, the Court filed an opinion granting the above licenses conditionally. The Court says in its opinion:

"We are unwilling to grant these applications unless some indemnity can be furnished for the wrong done in the past security given for the abatement of it.

"The penalties of the law have been incurred by selling or furnishing these brothers one glass of liquor and although not intoxicated at the time. Not only public policy but statute law forbids this. There is no excuse for ignorance or mistake when the law is so plainly written. If men will disregard it, they must accept the consequences.

"And so far as the present inquiry is concerned the applicants cannot sever themselves entirely from responsibility behind their barkeepers and general instructions to such barkeepers. We are dealing now with the applicants alone and their conduct of their business by themselves and their servants.

"If each of the applicants will enter into recognizance to pay Samuel Little and Elizabeth Little his wife, the sum of fifty cents weekly, from this date for six months for the relief and maintenance of the said poor and aged parents and not to sell or furnish liquor to the said George Little and Wm. Little, directly or indirectly, the applications will be granted; otherwise they are refused."

The landlords all complied with the conditions and the licenses were granted.

Charles E. Diehl was appointed guardian of Henry Lau and Effie Lau. James N. Kelly, Esq., was appointed guardian of Rosa A., Emma E., Valonia S., Laura M., John S., Vandia D., and Wm. W. Crabbs, minor children of John S. Crabbs, deceased.

Sale of tract of land of Benjamin Johnson, deceased, in Franklin twp., containing 26 acres and 70 perches, to Ettie S. Harnish for $1,000, confirmed.

The regular term of court convened Monday morning. Constable returns were received and the court, after appointing Joseph Wolf foreman, charged the grand jury very fully as to their duties. In his remarks to the constables the court called special attention to the prevalence of gambling in the form of lotteries, chances, &c., in the county.

Henry Peters and Isaac Pecher were appointed tipstaves.

Road in Hamiltonban township from a point in road leading from Fairfield to Virginia Mills at Neely Musselman's store to the angle where the new road to Fairfield station on the B. & H. R. R. intersects the same. Confirmed nisi to width of 50ft.

Private road in Hamiltonban twp., from a point in road leading from the house of Eph. Harbaugh to a point in road leading from Fairfield to Cashtown near the "Tract school house" at Mickley's private lane. Confirmed nisi to width of 14ft.

Judge Gulden was appointed guardian of Clayton Shull and Samuel Shull, minor children of Ephraim Shull, deceased.

Order to view the lands of Rebecca Morrison, in Menallen township, for the purpose of annexation to the Borough of Bendersville, not confirmed absolute.

Order to view bridge site over Spring Run where the public road from the York and Gettysburg Turnpike to Menges's Mill crosses said run in Berwick Borough. Confirmed nisi.

Order to view a private road in Hamiltonban township, leading from the dwelling house of John McCleaf to a point in road leading from Maria furnace to Fairfield near George Watson's. Confirmed absolute.

The following business was disposed of:

Com. vs. Joseph Rotunda; charge, selling liquor without license on return of Constable Peters. Verdict guilty. Sentence deferred.

Com. vs. Benj. Campbell; charge, tramp, and entering dwelling house without permission of owner. Verdict guilty. Sentence deferred.

Com. vs. James Ditenhafer and Elizabeth Ditenhafer; charge, larceny, on information of Wm. N. Lentz. On trial.

Fire at Taneytown.

About 9 o'clock Monday night fire broke out in the Agricultural Implement warehouse, owned by Frank Bowersox, at Taneytown, spreading to the lumber shed of J. M. Eckenrode, burning both buildings, and contents. The loss to the former is about $2,500, partly insured, and the latter, between $3,000 and $3,500 which is partly covered by insurance. The fire being a dangerous one and other property being in danger, and the town and railroad station threatened, assistance was telegraphed to Littlestown and Frederick. The flames, however, were gotten under control by the citizens with buckets, before the engines were ready to start and the request for aid was countermanded. There was great excitement in the town.

Sheriff's Sales.

On Friday last Sheriff Taughinbaugh sold the following properties to the parties named:

Lot of ground of J. B. Baum and Rosa Baum in Berwick borough, withdrawn.

Lot of ground in Littlestown of heirs of Adam Black to L. M. Alleman for $470.

Tract of land in Hamiltonban twp., 10 acres more or less, property of John Sprankle to John A. Hardman for $160.

Public Sales.

Bills for the following sales have been or will be printed at this office:

February 26, Wm. Jacobe, Paradise twp., York county, farm stock and implements.

February 26, Cornelius Brown, in Reading twp., horse, cows, farming implements, etc.

Feb. 28, Joseph Orndorff, Straban twp., ½ mile from Gettysburg, farm stock and implements.

March 5, Wm. D. Myers, Agt., Hamilton twp., farm stock and implements.

March 8, '89, L. A. Kohler, Mt. Pleasant township, live stock. Geo. Colestock, Auc.

March 9, Charles Strasbaugh, Mt. Pleasant township, stock, etc. Geo. Colestock, Auc.

Saturday, March 9th, Lewis Noel, at Irishtown, Oxford twp., horse cows, &c.

March 14, Mrs. Lydia Wolf, Berwick twp., near Walnut Grove School house, stock, farm implements, furniture, &c. J. Heist, Auct.

March 11, Chas. A. Diehl, Oxford township, farm stock and implements.

March 18, Daniel Minter, Mountpleasant twp., farm stock, etc.

March 12th, Amos Lough, Butler twp., farming implements, etc. Colestock, Auct.

March 13th, John Mowry, on farm in Hamilton twp., stock, farm implements, etc.

March 16th, C. D. Taughinbaugh, near New Chester, farm stock and implements.

March 19, Clem Sneeringer, one-fourth of a mile East of Conewago Chapel, Conowago twp., horses, cattle, farming implements, &c.

March 21, John Harbold, horses, cows, etc., ½ mile from New Chester, Reading township.

Earley's Hotel, at Mount Holly Springs, Cumberland county, and several dwelling houses, with all their contents, were totally destroyed by fire at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning. All the inmates of the houses escaped unhurt. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin. Loss estimated at $25,000; fully insured.

A post office has been established at Craighead's Station, on the G. & H. Railroad.

THE MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly by H. J. Myers

Choice Wheat, longberry	90 @	91
No. 2, " "	83 @	85
Fultz "	90 @	91
No. 2, "	83 @	85
Raked "	80 @	83
Rye, ...	50 @	53
Corn, ...	35 @	40
Oats, ...	25 @	28
Clover Seed, ...	4 00 @	4 50
Timothy Seed, ...	1 25 @	2 75
Timothy Hay, ...	11 00 @	12 00
Rye Straw, ...	9 00 @	9 50
Pork, ...	5 50 @	6 00

MARRIED.

Jan. 23, by Rev. J. Trostle, Mr. Edward M. Bender, of Straban twp., to Miss Mary E. Blocher, of Cumberland twp.

Jan. 17, by Rev. U. A. Hankey, Mr. Geo. M. Criswell, of Harrisburg, to Miss Mary J. Sadler, of near Gardner's Station.

Jan. 22, by Rev. H. Shindle, Mr. Frederick Zinn, of Hanover, to Miss Jennie Pottorff, of New Chester.

Jan. 24, by same, Mr. Jacob A. Dundore, of Huntesstown, to Miss Lizzie Pottorff, of Granite.

Jan. 31, at the bride's home, by Rev. Solenberger, Mr. Martin Wentz, of Mountpleasant twp., to Miss Sadie Bucher, of Straban twp.

DIED.

Deaths free—verses, tributes, &c., 5 cents a line

Jan. 26, in Highland twp., Mrs. Rebecca J. Stallsmith, wife of Wallace M. Stallsmith, aged 42 years, 3 months and 9 days.

Jan. 29, in Gettysburg, Mr. Jacob Benner, aged 82 years, 8 months and 18 days.

Jan. 21, in Bermudian, Miss Millie Harbold, aged 21 years, 4 months and 6 days.

Jan. 9, near Belle Plaine, Kan., Mr. Charles F. Horner, formerly of this county, aged 39 years, 8 months and 11 days.

Jan. 26, in Gettysburg, Mrs. Sarah A. Ziegler, aged 86 years, 2 months and 7 days.

DAY'S HORSE POWDER

Prevents Lung Fever!

Cures Distemper, Heaves, Glanders, Loss of Appetite, Founder, Fevers, &c. 1 lb. in each package. Sold by all dealers.

DR. BULL'S Cures Dysentery, and Diarrhœa.

Cures Wind Colic, &c. BABY SYRUP

Relieves Griping and Summer Complaint.

Facilitates Teething!

Regulates the Bowels!

Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

25¢ A BOTTLE SALVATION OIL KILLS PAIN

BULL'S COUGH SYRUP "THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY" For the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, Asthma, Incipient Consumption, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, and for the relief of Consumptive persons. For Sale by all druggists. 25 cents.

SMOKE LANGE'S CUBEB CIGARETTES for Catarrh! Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

Boots and Shoes

At very low prices.

H. Long & Son,

Bucher's Block, next door to A. N. Michael's Hardware Store, Hanover.

The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 6, 1889.

The fifty-first Congress convened on Monday and it will prove an exciting session. For the first time in ten years the Republicans have a majority in the House, and they organized by electing: Speaker, Thomas B. Reed, Maine; Clerk, Edward McPherson,(Gettysb'g) Pennsylvania; Sergeant-at-arms, A. J. Holmes, Iowa; Doorkeeper, C. W. Adams, Maryland; Postmaster, J. A. Wheat, Wisconsin; Chaplain, Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher, Washington.

For ten months ending October 31 the immigration was nearly a hundred thousand less than for the same period of 1888, the exact figures being—ten months, 1888, 473,172; ten months, 1889, 378,140. There was a decrease of 10,000 from Germany and 10,000 from Ireland, while Sweden and Norway fell off from 62,051 to 39,258, and Italy 44,078 to 24,463. Scotland sent 7,000 less than in 1888, and Holland was about the only country that showed an increase.

At 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon Oil City, Pa., was thrown into the wildest consternation by a terrific report. A boat loaded with five tons of nitro-glycerine had exploded about one mile outside the city limits, hurling into eternity three men, Fisher and Hoffman and one unknown. The bodies of Fisher and Hoffman were found a short distance from the scene of the disaster, and, strange to say, they were without a scratch, but their clothing was entirely stripped from their bodies, and even their rubber boots were torn into shreds. Of the third man no portion has been discovered. It is supposed that he was blown to atoms.

The force of the explosion is clearly indicated by the condition of the property in the vicinity where it occurred. Houses and barns were scattered and torn beyond all hope of repair. Three mammoth ice houses located within a thousand feet of the boat that contained the deadly compound, were lifted bodily over a hundred feet into the air, torn into kindling wood and scattered over a large area. Dwellings half a mile away were completely wrecked.

The concussion was so great that stock was killed in a barn a thousand feet away. A great deal of damage was done in Oil City by the breaking of window glass, hardly a building in the city escaping the general wreck. Clocks were stopped and dishes hurled from cupboards.

Simon Pokagon, the chief of Pottawottomie tribe of Indians which inhabited northern Indiana when it was first settled by whites, will shortly receive for distribution among the people the sum of $200,000 from the government in full settlement of claims of that once powerful tribe. The distribution of this sum will probably take place at Pokagon, which town was named after Chief Pokagon's grandfather, who signed the treaty with General Cass in 1826, between his tribe and the Miamias.

The Altoona Tribune has no sympathy for professional tramp. It says: "The army of tramps which curses this country is largely the product of voluntary idleness, dissolute habits and devotion to drink. Here and there some unfortunates will always be found who are unable to find employment, but in a time of general industrial activity like the present few who deserve work need look for it in vain. Nine out of every ten of the idle people who are wandering about the country begging and stealing do not want to do anything to earn a living. They would much rather live off the industrious. To demand sympathy for these victims of their own indolence and depravity is absurd. They need justice rather than charity, hard labor rather than sympathy."

W. H. Harvey, who in March last murdered his wife and two daughters, was hanged at Guelph, Ontario, Friday morning. The execution was one of the worst pieces of bungling that was ever witnessed. The weight which lifted the body was not heavy enough and the scaffold was not high enough to give sufficient rebound to break the condemned man's neck, and his struggles and contortions as he was slowly strangled to death were frightful. To add to the horror of the hanging the knot slipped, and the gurgling in the man's throat as his life was being choked out could be heard outside the jail walls.

A little over a year ago Amos Ritchie, aged 60, moved to Denver, Col., with a son of 25 and a deaf and dumb daughter of 15 years. Three weeks ago mother and son went on a protracted debauch. The old lady not having been seen for several days, the landiord entered the house Tuesday night and found her dead body on the floor almost devoured by rats. The son was in an adjoining room in a beastly state of intoxication. Foul play is suspected.

A freak in the way of handwriting has just come under notice in England. A little girl of four years writes with her left hand and writes her words backwards, as they are reflected in a mirror from ordinary writing. Her friends have to read them by means of a looking-glass. The child was taught writing with a sister, but would do things her own way, with the result that she writes fluently in this fantastic style.

A terrible disease is killing many fish in the gulf of Mexico.

The weather is terrible cold in Mexico, and several persons have died from exposure.

Fifteen Connecticut postmasters were fined $110 each for selling postage stamps on credit in violation of the postal laws.

At Kalamazoo, Mich., Mrs. C. P. Mills, a clergyman's wife, gave morphine to her year-old baby and then cut her own throat. Both will die.

On Thanksgiving evening Mrs. Daniel Poetteger found a basket containing a babe and $50 bill on her front door steps. She has no idea who left her strange Thanksgiving gift there.

Harry B. Booper, aged 19 years, who lived near Lancaster and was employed as a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was thrown from the roof of a freight car by being struck by a bridge near Philadelphia, Sunday, and run over, receiving fatal injuries.

Last year the number of cigars made in the United States was 3,867,385,640, and of cigarettes 2,151,515,630, a large increase over the product of the year previous. This, too, despite the desperate efforts made by men and organizations to lessen the consumption.

Florida will soon be the greatest lemon growing country in the world. Lemons weighing a pound each are common in Florida, and along the banks of Caloosahatchie there is a single tree which bears 5,000 lemons, many of which weigh a pound each.

News has been received of a terrible disaster at Weenhlen City, in the province of Shortung, China, where a platform, which had been erected to accommodate spectators at a theatrical display suddenly collapsed. The number persons killed is estimated at two hundred.

By eating canned corn put up by a process in which salocylic acid was used a three-year-old child of Enos Griffith, of Charlestown township, Chester county, died Monday. Some of the corn was afterwards fed to the chickens and twelve ot them died.

Tom Thompson, an Indian, inflicted a murderous blow on Medicine Bird's head at Chamberlain, S. D. Trouble is feared, as there is an intense feeling between friends of the two parties.

Peter Uhl, of Canton, O., fell asleep on a sofa early Wednesday morning while smoking a cigar. The cigar ignited some paper and his ten-year-old son died from suffocation, and the father and two younger children are in a critical condition.

A resident of Murfreesboro, Tenn., presented a ticket issued in 1855 on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad the other day and rode in a palace car on the same bit of paste-board that would have secured him passage in one of the clumsy coaches of thirty-four years ago.

A Russian girl, eleven years old and six feet eight inches in height, is being exhibited in London. She grows an inch every two months, is awkward and shy, plays diligently with her dolls, is good and affectionate, but is given a bad character for obstinacy by her uncle, who has charge of her.

John Chana, a hopeless paralytic, was found hanging to a bed post at Pottstown last week. His wife and her paramour have been arrested for the deed.—It is said that one day Chana cursed his Creator in a most terrible manner, when he fell over, struck dumb and paralyzed from head to foot. He remained in this condition until his death.

We do job work of all kinds cheap and at the shortest notice.

News has been received at San Francisco of the wreck, off the coast of Japan, of the American bark Cheseborough. Out of a crew of twenty-three only four were saved.

A PLAIN FACT

Have you pain in the small of the back or hips, sharp pain up the back, at times pain in the head, dizziness, glimmering before the eyes, at times difficult to urinate, at times too free, too clear? If so, remember these are symptoms of Bright's Disease, which can be cured in its first stages, but do not wait until then. Go to J. W. Barnitz's drug store and ask for a free sample bottle of Dr. Burdick's Kidney Cure, which will convince you, Large size, 75c. One bottle lasts two weeks. This is a positive cure for all Kidney or Liver trouble, with a guaranteed sale.

For coughs, colds, sore or weak throats, ask for a free sample of Jackson's Magnum Bonum Cough Syrup, the great throat healer. Large size, 25 cents. Sold by J. W. Barnitz, New Oxford. Sample free.

Prof. Loisette's

MEMORY

DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

In spite of adulterated imitations which miss the theory, and practical results of the Original, in spite of the grossest misrepresentations by envious would-be competitors, and in spite of "base attempts to rob" him of the fruit of his labors, (all of which demonstrate the undoubted superiority and popularity of his teaching), Prof. Loisette's Art of Never Forgetting is recognized to-day in both Hemispheres as marking an Epoch in Memory Culture. His Prospectus (sent post free) gives opinions of people in all parts of the globe who have actually studied his System by correspondence, showing that his System is *used only while being studied, not afterwards; that any book can be learned in a single reading, mind-wandering cured, &c.* For Prospectus, Terms and Testimonials address

Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

FIRST-CLASS

Blacksmith Stand and Dwelling House

FOR SALE OR RENT!

The undersigned offers his desirable Blacksmith Stand and Dwelling House, situate on High Street, in the Borough of New Oxford, for sale or rent. For further particulars call on or address

J. S. WEAVER,
New Oxford, Pa.

SPECIAL BARGAINS
—IN—

RUBBER BOOTS!

The best Boston rubber boots for men at $2.70, for boys at $2.25. Every pair guaranteed. D. MYERS,
Reliable Shoe Dealer, Hanover, Pa.

Important Notice.

All persons having in their possession any Beer, Pop or Ginger Ale Bottles or Beer Cases belonging to the undersigned, are hereby notified to return them within the next thirty days or they will be dealt with according to law. A record has been kept of their whereabouts, and a failure to comply with this notice on the part of those having either Bottles or Beer Cases, will be followed by a suit for their recovery. AMBROSE SCHMIDT, Bottler.
122 Abbottstown Street, Hanover, Pa

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that all the personal property now in possession of JOHN C. CASHMAN, living in Hamilton township Adams Co., Pa., (on Myers Heirs' farm,) has been purchased and paid for by the undersigned, who is the exclusive owner of the same, as well as the undivided half of growing crop of grain, &c., and all persons are hereby notified not to deal for the same in any way.
CLINTON A. CASHMAN.

Notice to Trespassers.

The undersigned, residing in Oxford township, hereby notifies all persons not to trespass upon his property for any purpose whatever, as any person so offending will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law
JACOB SMITH.

BETHANY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

GETTYSBURG, PA.

The Second Annual Session of this School will begin Sept. 16th. Boarding and Day Pupils provided for. Terms reasonable. Address
REV. T. P. EGE, A. M.,
or HON. WM. McCLEAN.

G. A. KLINGLE,

—FASHIONABLE—

BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER

Shampooning and dyeing done in the finest styles. Razors honed and put in order at lowest rates Saloon next door to the ITEM office Centre Square, NEW OXFORD, PA

MARBLE YARD.

E. G. LOUGH,

Opposite the German Reformed Church,

NEW OXFORD, - - PENN'A

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the latest styles, and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty Persons wishing anything in his line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere. 23apr80-1y.

SALESMEN

WANTED

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and expenses paid to successful men. Apply at once, stating age. Mention this paper.
CHASE BROS. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Auctioneering.

George L. Colestock

Offers his service to the public as Auctioneer Charges moderate and satisfaction guarantee P. O. address, New Chester, Adams county, P

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Great Overcoat Sale!

350 OVERCOATS

FOR MEN AND BOYS

at one-half their original price.

Call on

D. MYERS, The Reliable CLOTHIER.

Andrew Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, next to Shirk's Hardware, HANOVER, PA

SOMETHING NEW!

You may wonder what it is, and we will tell you. It is entirely new to us, but it may not be to you, so here goes: I have bought the stock of Groceries, &c., of P. J. Noel, and will continue the Grocery business in the room formerly occupied by him, (Cor. Centre Square and Hanover street, New Oxford, Pa.) I will keep on hand always a full, fresh and clean stock, and will keep my prices as near the living profit as possible, thereby hoping to a liberal share of public patronage.

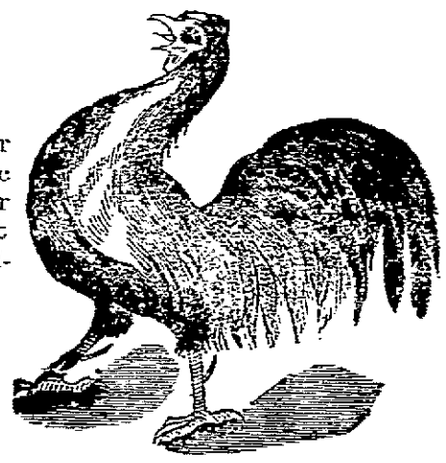
New goods are coming in every day, and by the time you read this my stock will be complete, and I extend to you a special invitation to call and see me.

P. S.—I have removed my stock of Novels, Small Musical Instruments, Musical Toys, &c., to the new room, but will keep the Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, &c., in the Music Store, on Hanover street.

Respectfully,

O. A. SMITH,
Successor to P. J. Noel.

VICTORY!



Now, at first glance you may think our rooster is crowing over the recent Democatic victories, but he isn't. He is crowing over the big stock of Overcoats that Sheely & Bro. are selling at very low prices, considering the style and quality.

Call to see them at

THE LEADING OVERCOAT STORE,

Miller's Building, New Oxford.

HERE WE ARE

To again give the people of Hanover and vicinity some good Bargains in Boots and Shoes for ladies, men, boys and children.

$1 will buy a psir of ladies' fine kid button shoes, all solid leather.

$1 will secure you a pair of ladies' grain button shoes.

$1.25 This is our regular $1.75 ladies' pebble grain button shoe

$1.50 Te surprise of the town, a Dongola pat. leather tip but. shoe.

$1.75 will buy for you a fine Dongola button shoe, worth $2.50.

$2 A hand welt fine Dongola button shoe worth $3,00.

Next comes our strictly hand-made ladies' button shoes from $2.50 to $5, all big bargains, and can't be bought anywhere else for that money.

Men's best Boston Rubber Boots at $2.70. Boys' best Boston rubber boots at $2.25. Every pair guaranteed. Rubbers of all description at lowest prices.

D. MYERS,

At And'w Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand
Broadway, Hanover, Pa.

NOTICE.

ANDREW I. SMITH'S ESTATE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Andrew I. Smith, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, they hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
MRS. JOSEPHINE C. SMITH.
EMANUEL SMITH.

Subscribe for the ITEM, only $1.

FRESH OYSTERS

at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

A big lot of fine

Aspinwall Bananas

at the Red Front Grocery.

CHOCOLATE & VANILLA

ICE CREAM

at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

—GRAIN AND—

PRODUCE!

The undersigned, having leased the Brick Warehouse on Hanover street, New Oxford Pa., will buy and sell all kinds of Grain and Country Produce, such as

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats
Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,
Chop, &c., &c.;

also the best brands of

Roller & Country Flour,

AND COARSE AND FINE SALT.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a trial. A liberal share of public patronage solicited. FREE DELIVERY anywhere in the borough. Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday noon for Baltimore. Returning, leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with me will receive prompt attention.

ma87.] Z. H. CASHMAN.

25,000 CARPENTERS now use our SAW FILER to file all kinds of saws so that they will cut better than ever. Price, $2.50 Circulars and prices to agents. Address,
E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.
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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

"EVERYBODY LOVED HIM."

Far better than the graven stone,
The sculptured urn, the column tall,
These words they said
Above the dead,
"He loved and was beloved by all!"

By some rare grace that he possessed
From life's beginning to its end,
All hearts he won,
Nor looked upon
A stranger but to find a friend

Ah, well it were to live and die,
Whatever heights of fame we miss,
To win from lips
At life's eclipse,
So sweet an epitaph as this.

Far better than the graven stone,
The sculptured urn, or column tall,
To have it said
When we are dead,
"He loved and was beloved by all!"

—*Josephine Pollard, in the Ledger.*

JEAN'S PORTMANTEAU.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

My story dates back nearly seventy years, but it is a true story, and its significance is as forcible and fresh as if the incidents had occurred but yesterday.

In 1820 there was living in the northern part of Alabama an old Frenchman whom we shall call Jean Paulet. He was a younger son of a noble family in Avignon, had come, a mere lad, to fight for the cause of freedom in this country under Lafayette, and had borne himself well and bravely until the battle of Brandywine, where he lost his right arm, and was obliged to leave the service.

His father was guillotined during the Reign of Terror of Paris. Jean escaped, returned, with the young wife whom he had married, to this country, and found his way to a village in Alabama to which many French refugees had fled.

When the little money which they had brought with them was spent, they scattered. Many of them made their way back to France. Jean Paulet, with his one child, Rose, a girl of twelve, remained. His wife was dead. Jean earned a small sum occasionally by teaching French to the children of the neighboring planters. He and Rose were happy and merry as two children, but often they were hungry, and always shabbily clothed.

One day, as usual, old Judge Pope called at Paulet's cabin to smoke a pipe with him.

"Mosheer," he said, "I have an idea! Why have you never applied for a pension? The country has owed it you for many years. The back payments will amount to a considerable sum."

"Do you mean zat ze Republique zall pay me for ze service I give it?" He drew himself up stiffly. "No, zare! Jean Baulet offered his body and his life to ze help of ze American people. His body and his life vas crippled for dem, but zey will not insult me by paying for dat!"

"Nonsense!" was the judge's irreverent reply to this outbreak of patriotism. "You owe your strength to your child. Having spent it for this country in her need, it is only just that she, in her prosperity, shall help you in your care of Rosy here."

The Frenchman's face glowed.

"Ah, zat is a different light on it! It is a great, noble country, and it cares for ze children of its soldiers! I am willing to receive alms from it, but not pay!"

"Anyhow you like, so you get the money," said the judge. "Let me see your papers—the proofs that you lost your arm in the service." He examined them carefully.

"They're all right," he said. "Now, mosheer, you must take these to Washington. I will write to our Congressman to attend to the affair. Rosy shall stay with us. You must start tomorrow."

Monsieur Paulet changed color, and hesitated painfully.

"Yes, yes, my dear fellow, I understand! Ii is a long journey, and you are out of funds just now. You must draw on me. I am often out of funds myself and you will be a rich man when you come back. Then I will draw on you. It is all settled."

The kindly but peremptory old judge had his way. Rosy was taken out to the plantation and received with delight by Mrs. Pope, the children and a swarm of young negroes with all of whom the French child was a pet.

Monsieur Paulet, in a new suit of clothes, money and ticket in a brown portmanteau, belonging to the judge, was escorted by almost all the population of the village to the inn from which he was to begin his journey, and departed, loaded with prayers and good wishes for good luck.

It is hard for the people of the present time to understand the traveling of those days. Jean Paulet started in November for Washington on horseback. When he reached the Ohio River where he expected to take a boat, it was frozen over. Then began a long and perilous journey in an open sled along the banks. It was late in January when he reached Wheeling, W. Va., the terminus of the National Road.

He was exhausted and feeble, and his money was nearly spent, but he was thankful, sure now that his troubles were over.

Stage-coaches ran regularly between Wheeling and Baltimore. Poor little monsieur climbed into one of these one stormy day at noon, and, wrapping himself in his blanket, deposited his portmanteau in the straw at the bottom of the coach and curling himself up on the seat, slept heavily. He did not waken until the coach drew up in a little village in Pennsylvania, long after nightfall.

The inn door stood open, and a savory smell of supper poured out. Several coaches, with their teams of prancing horses, stood in the great inn-yard, and hostlers, guards and drivers were stamping about, scolding and swearing.

"Twenty minutes for supper!" shouted the guard in the window at monsieur. Jean, who was the only passenger, crawled out sleepily, and hurried into the warm supper-room.

"There seems to be a grand concourse of ze coach here," he said to a negro waiter.

"Yes, sah. It is one of the big stations on the road. Old Sam'el Boyce lives here. He's superintendent of the stage line. A big owner, too. That is Mr. Boyce, sah," flourishing his napkin toward a short, untidy old man, who stood with his back to the fire peering through his spectacles at the passengers. His bald head rose red and shining above his little, ferret-like eyes; the snuff which he took incessantly drabbled his dirty, ruffled shirt-front.

Monsieur, however, paid no attention to the old man, but hastily ate his supper, paid for it, and hurried out to the coach.

It was gone!

Another, with a different driver and guard, drove up with a dash and toot of the horn into its place.

"This coach for Cumberland!" the guard shouted.

Jean stood stunned and bewildered. He was not a practical, ready man.

"Vere is my coach?" he asked. "It vas red; zis is green. It vas ze Eclipse."

"Get aboard, Frenchy! Can't you ride in anything but a red coach?" shouted the driver. "In with you!"

"C'est mon portmanteau! It is my tickets, my money, my papers!" cried Jean, in an agony of fright, running to and fro.

"What ails the old man?" demanded one of the coachmen.

"His luggage was in the Eclipse, it seems," replied a guard.

"Where is the Eclipse?"

"Gone back to Wheeling, or on to Cumberland. I don't know which."

Jean heard, and stood dumb and trembling, while the men, kindly but ignorant, surrounded him, plying him with questions. "Whabbut ye took yer portmanty out wid ye?" "Take a horse and ride out the Wheeling Pike, an' ye'll overtake it." "No, sir. Ride the other way. It's to Cumberland it's gone." "There was nine passengers got in. Small chance but they'll take the portmanty among them?"

Jean, in all his dismay, had yet some common sense left. He asked to be taken to the Superintendent, and told his story in broken English, with many gestures and tears.

Now, old Mr. Boyce, though he paid a high sum for a front pew in church, never had been known to give a penny in charity, nor a kind word to any one in pain or need. He despised all foreigners. He saw instantly, too, that a mistake had been made which might cost the stage company or himself some money. He did not know which way the Eclipse had gone, and to send a messenger in both directions would cost a few dollars.

"Why did you not take care of your carpetsack?" he snarled, eying poor Jean angrily.

"O monsieur! I haf always leave him in ze coach! Ze American peoples are honest! O monsieur, it is my papers, my money—all!"

"The more reason you should take care of them, then. Here, Joe, go out and see if anybody knows which way the Eclipse went."

"Oh, I thank you, monsieur!" cried Jean, clasping his hands. He drew back and waited. Joe soon returned. It was late, he reported, there were few men in the yard, and seven coaches had started at once. Nobody had noticed at which gate the Eclipe went out.

"There! You hear?" growled Boyce to the old man. He knew that the company was responsible for the lost bag and intended to search for it. But the money which must be spent he would have to pay out of his own pocket. He laughed savagely, as he saw Jean's misery.

"O monsieur! Is zat all? Can notting be done?"

"That is all. You don't expect me to pay you for the bag?"

"Notting can pay me for it. It is all I have," Jean sobbed. He stood a moment longer, but Boyce was talking to the men on other affairs and had apparently wholly forgotten him. He crept out into the night with a wild gesture of despair.

The next morning, O'Rourke, one of the drivers, a kind-hearted Irishman, ventured to ask Mr. Boyce, "An' what became of the little Frenchy last night?"

"How do I know? He went on in one of the coaches to Cumberland, I suppose. He'll be writing back for his bag soon enough. Filled with rags, most likely, judging from his clothes."

A week passed. One evening, just before sunset, O'Rourke, going into the inn stable to look after his horses, heard a cry like that of a choking animal on the mow. He came out, shouting to the other men, "By the powthers of war! I dunno what it is! It's no human . bein', nor a horse, nor a dog. It might be a Banshee!"

The men ran in, curious and laughing. But in a moment O'Rourke came out, quiet and pale.

"A doctor!" he said. "Mr. Boyce, you have killed him—the Frenchman!"

The other men carried out their burden gently and laid him on the ground, dying, as they thought, and dying of starvation. The skin clung to the bones of his cheeks, his eyes glared out of their sockets in the skull. He could not speak, but gave short, inaudible cries. It was the body, not the soul, that fought against death. While Jean Paulet could think, he had kept silence.

The news spread through the little town. The kindly people gathered about the poor stranger, doctors, and indignant men and weeping women, all anxious to help and nurse him. He was carried to the minister's house. Old Doctor Morton, with the judge, watched over him all night, feeding him as they would a baby, a spoonful at a time. The squire's wife was there before day with a bowl of wine-panada, which she had made with her own hands. She found a crowd of other women, rich and poor, gathered about the door of the parsonage.

"Will he live?"

"Has he spoken again of his little girl?"

"Oh, if he only lives long enough to know that we are not all murderers!"

The village was full of warm, hospitable, Christian feeling, and the thought that a stranger had lain among them, starving to death in his despair, for a week, had roused them all.

Late that morning, when Jean had wakened from his deadly lethargy, old Boyce came skulking up to the minister's door. Some of his neighbor's met him and turned their heads the other way. They had long known the manner of man he was; this was only the culmination of his life of sham piety and meanness.

The old doctor met him at the door.

"Here is the portmanteau. I had it safe three days ago," he muttered and turned away.

The doctor carried it in and laid it on the bed. Jean gave a low cry and caught it in his bony hands. "I can go back to my little girl now!" he whispered.

The people of that village did not do good by halves. They sent Sam Nelson, a promising young lawyer, to Washington, with Jean's papers to substantiate his claims. While he was gone they nursed the old man back to health and strength, handing him about from house to house, and farm to farm, an honored guest. A great trunk was prepared and filled with gifts for little Rose. The women sent pretty dresses, the children dolls' clothes, acorn tea-sets, glass pitchers small enough for the fairies to use.

Sam Nelson returned triumphant, with money enough to make Jean rich. He started at length for home in the very coach, Eclipse, which had brought him.

It hurt him sorely to part with his friends. He waved the poor stump of his arm, wiping away the tears with the other hand.

"If it were not for my friend, the Judge, I would bring my Rose and live among you," he said.

He kissed the children again and again, bowed profoundly to the poor old women, embraced the sturdy, bearded farmers. It seemed as if he could not tear himself away.

How the boys cheered! Even the old men joined in the shout as the red coach went up the hill out of sight, Jean waving his handkerchief out of the window.

Old Boyce watched it grimly through his dingy office window, and then looked at the cheering crowd.

"An old beggar," he muttered, "whom they never can make a penny off of! I have brought thousands of dollars into the town, but not a man in it will give me a civil word!"

Yet in his secret soul he knew that he and the poor old cripple had been weighed in just scales, and had each received his reward.—*Youth's Companion.*

Wrote His Own Epitaph.

According to the Philadelphia *Record*, the will of the late Andrew J. Geiger, the eccentric lumber merchant, whose body was cremated, has been admitted to probate. The estate is valued at $250,000.

Specific directions are contained in the will relative to the disposal of his remains. After providing for the cremation of his body, he directs that a plot of ground be purchased at Jersey Shore, Penn., the home of his boyhood. This is to be inclosed with granite curb. In the centre there shall be erected a pedestal with sunken panels, and on this must rest an obelisk of Egyptian style, either twelve or sixteen feet in height. Continuing, the will reads:

I saw these wonderful monolith obelisks in Egypt, sat in their shade and sighed to have one for my monument in my far-off home in the new world.

The four sides of my obelisk shall face north, east, south and west. The panel on the pedestal facing the east shall have in plain black or Roman letters, covered with gold leaf, A. J. Geiger, born December 12, 1824; died ——

North panel—Traveled 69,000 miles in America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

South panel—Young man, stop and think. See what has been the reward for honesty, industry and economy. In 1840 I worked on Robert Martin's farm near Jersey Shore for 25 cents a day. No fortune left to me.

West panel—Lived and died in the faith of the immutable and unchangeable and nature's God.

Believed in the gospel of peace, right and justice.

What Love Does.

An odd poem begins:

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweete;
Now with his wings he plays with me;
Now with his feete.

If the old time bees were anything like their Florida descendants, that poem might better read:

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth never quail;
Not with his wings he stings—not he;
But with his tail.

—*Florida Times-Union*

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

THE COLOR OF SOWED CORN.

In passing any piece of sowed corn late in the growing season, it is easy to see what will and what will not make good feed. That which has been thickly sown, especially on poor soil, is a light yellow color, tasteless, and nearly void of nutritive value. That sown in drills and cultivated once or twice, is large, thick-stemmed and dark green in color. Taste it and you find the sweetness that with a little more room and time would be transformed into the starch of the perfected grain.

TURNIPS AND POTATOES FOR POULTRY.

According to P. H. Jacobs, poultry authority, young chicks are partial to potatoes, and adult fowls also eat them readily. Save all the small and unmarketable potatoes and boil them for the hens. It is not necessary to mash them, as the hens know how to eat them without assistance. Turnips also make cheap food for poultry, especially ducks, and will pay as a crop for feeding in that manner. The most successful breeders of ducks use turnips, cooked and thickened with bran, for ducklings, and serve as a very satisfactory diet for geese in winter. But little grain is necessary if poultry are well supplied with cooked oats

CELERY.

Celery should be banked soon. Some gardeners are following the practice of tying the tops of each root together before banking. It may take a little more time to tie it first and bank it later, than to have one man handle while two others do the banking, but it has the advantage of keeping the earth out of the centre of the bunch more thoroughly, and there are less stalks broken off in the digging and putting in the pit. It also will pack much closer in the pit. More of the earth can be put up against it with a plow, leaving less to be moved with the shovel. It should not be handled when wet, as this causes rust.

Before there is any chance of the temperature falling below twenty degrees it should be packed as closely as possible, standing upright, and with boards across once in eight or ten rows to prevent any danger of falling over, as if it does not stand upright, it will heat and rot.

The pit should be so covered as to effectually keep out the rain, and have a drainage which will take off any water which may soak in. It should also be ventilated by openings under the peak of the roof, which should be kept open whenever it can be done without danger of freezing, unless it is desired to blanch it out for an early market. Heat and dampness hasten the blanching, but also cause rotting.

As the weather grows colder the pit should be banked up until the sides and ends have a wall nearly four feet thick, and the roof should have not less than one foot of salt hay, or two feet of straw, to protect it from freezing. As the demand for celery is greatest, and the prices better, after the middle of December, those who can keep their celery until that time without danger of freezing or rotting will do well not to hurry the blanching process. It seems that the demand for celery has increased with the increased supply, until the amount sold in our large markets is ten-fold that handled a few years. The better the quality the larger the demand.—*American Cultivator.*

HOW TREES GROW.

There is rarely sufficient room near any tree for all the seeds it produces to germinate or for the seedlings to develop into fully grown individuals. Nature is lavish in sowing seeds that the succession of the plant may be insured. Most trees are gregarious, therefore, in extreme youth, from habit transmitted through many generations. They love company, and really thrive only when closely surrounded. Close planting is essential, therefore, to insure the best results. As the trees grow, the weaker are pushed aside and finally destroyed by the more vigorous, and the plantation is gradually thinned. This is the operation which is always going on in the forest when man does not intervene. It is a slow and expensive operation, however, and the result is attained by a vast expenditure of energy and of good material. The strongest trees come out victorious in the end, but they bear the scars of the contest through life.

The long, bare trunk and the small and misshappen head—the only form of a mature tree found in the virgin forest—tell of years or of centuries of struggle, in which hundreds of weaker individuals may have perished that one giant may survive. But man can intervene, and by judicious and systematic thinning help the strong to destroy the weak more quickly and with less expenditure of vital force. Thick planting is but following the rule of nature, and thinning is only helping nature do what she does herself too slowly, and therefore too expensively. This is why trees in a plantation intended for ornament, like those in a park or pleasure ground, should be planted thickly at first, and why they should then be systematically thinned from time to time; and it is because this systematic thinning is altogether neglected, or put off until the trees are ruined for any purpose of ornament, that it is so rare to find a really fine tree in any public place or private grounds. Of the implements required to produce a fine tree the ax is certainly the first and most important.—*Garden and Forest.*

STRAW, WEEDS AND STUBBLE.

What use shall we make of these waste products of the farm, and how shall we manage them to get the most good at least cost from them? The profits of the farm are not large and we cannot afford to let anything go to loss. If we can by a careful saving of all vegetable matter increase the manure pile so as to transfer a few acres from the unprofitable to the profitable side of the ledger, it is our privilege and duty to do so. The worst possible use a farmer can make of straw is not to use it at all, and strange as it may seem, there are thousand of farmers who do this very thing. They thresh in some remote corner and leave the straw on the ground. I have often counted from five to eight of these straw stacks on a single farm, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Press*, each containing one year's crop of straw. Good, bright wheat or oat straw has considerably more than half the feeding value of an average hay, and either horses or cattle may be wintered in good condition with no other rough feed, with a moderate increase of the grain ration. It is best that this increase shall be of bran, oats and oil meal rather than corn. I have neighbors who bore auger holes in the floor of their horse stall to allow the urine to run through, and yet leave stacks of old straw in the fields. I do not only bed liberally in the stable, but cover my barnyard so that it is never muddy and no liquid runs from it. Weeds, cornstalks, potato vines, clover straw, etc., are all packed into the barnyard. We have just cut and raked up all our wheat stubble for this purpose. From a part of the field we got a full two horse load to the acre. Eight acres of our wheat that had been sown to timothy had made quite a growth, and as the spring was very dry the clover was poor. Consequently foxtail and ragweed made a vigorous start, but we mowed it early and there will not be a foul seed on the field, while the weeds and stubbles will help to keep the barnyard clean and save the urine. The last week in August I visited a neighbor who is a successful wheat grower and found him spreading straw on a field which was plowed and harrowed ready for the drill. He burns this straw and tells me that many years' experience shows him that it pays as well as to manure an equal area. His land is strong and rich in humus, and while this without doubt is good practice for him on thin land it will probably pay better to plow under straw than to burn it. I would always, however, if possible, burn stubble on fields where there has been chinch bugs. It is well on such fields to set the machine to cut high so as to leave enough stubble to burn readily. I have seen excellent effects from burning stubble on land to be plowed for wheat, the wheat in a few weeks after it came up showing to a foot where the stubble had been burned by its strong growth and healthy color.

It is a fact, perhaps not known to all, that one pound of the urine of a horse has a fertilizing power equal to six pounds of the droppings, and the only way we are likely to save this is by free use of absorbents. With good management every farm will furnish enough of these, and it is wise to make tight stable floors and bed freely. Even cornstalks make an excellent absorbent and will decay more quickly than straw. If cut to lengths of from six inches to a foot they make excellent bedding for horses. They crush easily, and the pith of the stalk takes up the liquid better than straw. I scatter the waste of twenty acres of corn fodder over my small barnyard each winter to be tramped and mixed with the straw and manure. By April 1st the manure is in good shape for spreading, and only very close inspection would discover a cornstalk in it.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Never allow the fowls to go thirsty.

Above all things keep the hen house clean and well ventilated.

Sloppy food, only fit for hogs, and the flock suffering with diarrhœa.

When you hear the hooting owl consider—are the fowls all in the coop?

The fattening stock will lay on flesh twice as fast in mild weather as they will after it becomes cold.

Supply the proper conditions of warmth and variety of food, and fowls will lay in winter as well as summer.

It matters not whether certain weeds are ten or ninety per cent. bad; they all succumb to good culture; all perish by the same process.

The first thing to be done to secure a large flow of winter milk is to make the cows comfortable; the next to feed judiciously and liberally.

There is a never-failing market for poultry and eggs on the farmer's own table, and no farmer can do better than to keep this well supplied.

Cracked corn is good food when newly ground. It will become musty sooner than the whole kernel. It is best when the meal is left in and when scalded to swell the mass.

We are glad to notice that there are dairywomen who are not afraid to exhibit their butter at dairy shows. Good home-made butter will never be crowded out of the market by factory butter. The poor will.

A practical test will convince the dairyman that his cows are capable of consuming and digesting a much larger amount of food than the usual allowance. Experiments of this kind will soon denote which of the cows pay the best by noting whether the excess of food is converted into increased quantity of milk or flesh.

The New Oxford Item.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. J. SMITH.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—large reductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest lable or card to the largest handbill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

OFFICE on Centre Square, near Noel's grocery.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 6, 1889.

PAY UP.

Persons indebted to this office are requested to settle their accounts, many of which have been long over due, as we have pressing need of the money.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Last month of 1889.

Mend up the old resolutions.

There are still some unharmed rabbits left in the county.

The new Board of Directors of the Poor organized Tuesday.

Cristmas is coming along at the rate of seven days a week.

There is some talk of erecting a methodist church at Orrtanna.

Don't forget that money can be saved by sending your job printing to the ITEM office.

Mr. Joseph Good, of Oxford township, killed a hog a few days ago that weighed 490 pounds.

As the holidays approach shooting matches and turkey raffles will become more numerous.

Last Sunday was the first Sunday in Advent, and the occasion was duly celebrated in the churches.

New Oxford Sunday School of the Lutheran church is arranging for a grand Christmas entertainment.

Messrs. Walter and William Settle are putting up a warehouse at Seven Stars, where the railroad crosses the pike.

Mr. David Sherman, of Philadelphia street has been quite ill for months past, from inflammatory rheumatism.

James McKenrick, of Buchanan Valley, shot a large wild cat off a tree a few days ago. He received $2 for the scalp.

Ease the babe (from one day old or more) from pain, by using Victor Infants' Relief. Absolutely guaranteed—Harmless.

While Mrs. John King, of York, was milking a cow Saturday morning she fell over dead. She was about 50 years of age.

Mr. Peter Feiser is improving his furniture rooms, next to the public school house, by adding another story to the building.

The store of S. K. Diehl & Bro., at Seitzland, York county, was robbed of goods to the amount of $100 or more, one night last week.

Samuel Ditzler, Sr., of Hamilton township, killed three hogs the other day, weighing 451¾, 424¼ and 388½ pounds respectively.

Geo. A. Trimmer has sold his hardware store in York Springs to W. A. Bream, groceryman, the change of ownership to take place on January 1st.

Three men in Penn township are above the average height of man. One is 6 feet 5 inches tall, another 6 feet 4 inches and the third 6 feet 3 inches.—Citizen.

There are many men of a superstitious turn of mind who will not pay bills on Monday. There are also many others whose superstitions extend over the whole week.

John H. Rosensteel, ticket and freight agent at Emmitsburg, Md., whilst assisting in shifting cars on Monday, was thrown against a wheel and broke his collar bone.

The Hagerstown News says the skeleton of an Indian was discovered on the Weaver farm that county recently, which in life, must have had the frame of a giant ten feet high.

Sunday afternoon several children were playing about the G. & H. railroad turn-table, Gettysburg, when Maud, a 12-year-old daughter of Engineer Samuel Weiser, had her right foot caught by the heavy table and the flesh badly torn on both sides.

J. F. Slaybaugh, of Huntington township, raised off of five eighths of an acre of land, 83 bushels of Irish and 31 bushels of sweet potatoes.

We can safely recommend our readers to use Red Cloud Liver Berries for dyspepsia, biliousness, torpid liver and diseases of the liver, kidneys and bowels. Trial package free at druggists.

The York Dispatch, now printed on a double-cylinder Hoe press, and from new type, looks as bright as a maiden in her teens. We enjoy reading the dispatch, and suppose everybody else does.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—Are you dyspeptic or a sufferer with biliousness, sick or nervous headache, and have failed to get relief, if so, try Red Cloud Liver Berries. Trial package free at all druggists. 25 doses, 25 cents.

Among the Pennsylvanians who have passed the civil service examination for positions in the railway mail service, and whose name is on the list of eligibles with a percentage of 84, is W. D. Kugler, of Fairfield.

Prof. Loisette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

A little son of Henry Moul, York, was shot in the head by an air gun, in the hands of a boy named John Eyster, a few days ago The ball entered the head just above the left eye, but was extracted, and will not cause much damage.

We learn that the Highland township school board has $12.25 to pay, under the act of May 15, 1889, for the destruction of sheep by dogs. It seems that on election night Wm. M. Bigham and Daniel Beard had three fine sheep killed, and that the above mentioned penalty is the result.

One day last week, Mr. John Wagaman, of Cashtown, had a very fine heifer killed by some one in the mountain, about a mile from his house, for beef. The heart, liver and about one half of the beef was carried off. The animal would have cleaned about 300 pounds.

James Bowers, who resided in Gettysburg last summer, was found dead in bed at his residence in Frederick, last Tuesday morning. He was 64 years old and served as a soldier in the Mexican and late wars. His wife died at Montevue only a short time ago.

A son of Kilgore Walton, of Goldsboro, York county, aged about 13, received a load of shot in his leg and thigh last Thursday afternoon, at York Haven. The lad was out gunning, and slipped off a log the hammer of his gun striking the log discharged it, causing a serious wound.

On Thursday Clinton and Herman sons of John A. Bream, of Butler township, undertook to drive an unbroken colt and in consequence of the lines break, the colt got away, wrecking the buggy and throwing the boys into the creek and running home. Neither the boys nor colt were injured.

A GREAT BATTLE is constantly going on in the human system when you suffer with consumption, coughs or colds they strive to ruin health and drag victims to the grave, take timely warning and use Puritan cough and consumption cure. Price 25 cents.

Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator is a sure cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion and all kidney complaints. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's drug store.

Mr. Geo. Sell says that while returning to his home at a late hour Saturday night he was attacked by three men when on the plum creek bridge. He was taken by surprise, but drew his revolver as the parties closed in on him. He says he struck one man in the face with the butt of the revolver, knocked another down, and the third ran for his life, he (Mr. Sell) shooting after him. George says his pistol, his hand and part of his clothing were splattered with blood, and he thinks he must surely have wounded his assailants. All escaped without recognition.—Hanover Citizen.

Mr. Leander Yeagy, of near Plainview, met with a painful accident one day accident one day recently that might have had a fatal termination. He was engaged in threshing, and in jumping from the horse power to fix something, his heel caught in some manner to the driving rod, and then his trousers and that article of apparel was litterally torn from his person and it was all he could do to save himself from being wrapped around the rod. In tearing himself loose he fell heavily across the rod, striking his right side and sustaining painful injuries.

The Theological Seminary at Gettysburg has 54 students—the largest number in its history. All but seven are graduates of colleges, representing Pennsylvania, Roanoke, Lafayette, Wittenberg, and Mt. Union. Eight are married.—Star.

It is said that a York county farmer named Miller, residing along the Short Line Railroad, has sued the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for $1200 damages, because of injury to his land from water that is retarded in its flow by reason of the embankment through his farm on which the roadbed rests. He claims that one entire field of grain was overflowed and washed out during the recent heavy rains.

The following item was published in the Baltimore Sun of Friday. The name G. W. Schæffer is a ficticious one, and the man using it is no other than Otis G. Bachman, who is well—if not very favorably—known in this locality: "Rev. E. R. Dietrich, pastor of the Reformed church at Woodberry, came to the central station and told the story of a smooth-tongued young fellow who had obtained small sums of money from different ministers in this city by means of false pretenses. Mr. Dietrich said that several days ago the man came to the parsonage, at 116 Third street, and introduced himself as G. W. Schæffer. He said he came from Johnstown where he had lost everything in the flood, and that he was a member of the Johnstown Reformed church. He asked Mr. Dietrich for assistance. The man had a young girl with him, whom he introduced as his wife. The minister gave the man $5. Shortly afterward, however, he heard that the man obtained a similar amount from Rev. M. L. Firor, of St. Paul's Reformed church; then he thought it was time to notify the police. It is stated that the supposed wife of the Johnstown sufferer was a runaway girl named Wyville, from Arendtsville, Pa. Her father came to this city about a week ago, but she refused to return home with him."

Changed Hands.

On Monday the stock of groceries, notions, &c., belonging to Mr. P. J. Noel was purchased by Mr. O. A. Smith, who will continue the grocery business at the stand occupied by Mr. Noel, Cor. Square and Hanover St. In his advertisement in to-day's paper Mr. Smith says he intends keeping his prices as near the living profit as possible, and we have no doubt that he means what he says; however a call will satisfy the public on that point. Mr. Smith has removed his stock of musical instruments, musical toys, novels, &c., from his room on Hanover street, to his new location and will keep them in stock in connection with his grocery, but will carry a stock of pianos, organs, and sewing machines at his former location, during the winter.

Assailed by Roughs.

Saturday night a week, Mr. Joseph Raber, of Conowago township, while visiting Hanover, was attacked by a gang of drunken roughs, with the evident purpose of robbery. Mr. Raber made a stout resistance and after a severe struggle with the ruffians, succeeded in beating them off, receiving a painful injury to one of his hands. He thinks that several of his assailants must have been pretty badly used up, as he wielded with good effect a stout fence picket upon them.

A Grand Serenade.

Last Saturday night the Hampton Cornet Band serenaded Mr. J. Frank Lerew and wife, of Bermudian, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kinter. On arriving there they the Band was invited into the house to partake of refreshments, which were served in a bounteous style by the congenial host, (he was formerly a member of the Band. We all greatly enjoyed our trip, for such unprecedented hospitality we seldom meet with. After a merry hand shaking and congratulations the band took its departure. A MEMBER.

From Arendtsville.

Last week, Edgar, son of Chas. McDaniel, was in the woods with his brother who was hauling wood. He climbed upon the wagon, his brother not knowing it, the horse was started and Edgar was thrown at his heels. Fortunately he was not seriously injured.

Sunday evening as the sexton of the Reformed congregation was lighting the chandeliers one of them fell and was broken to pieces. The matting and one of the pews quickly ignited but for the help of some near neighbors much more damage might have been done. Loss about $100.

Council Proceedings.

Council met Tuesday evening, December 3d, with Burgess Diehl in the chair; all members present. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The street committee reported that on account of the continued wet weather, no work could be done of much account. The committee reported that work on High street extension needed attention and would be attended to as soon as the weather would permit. They also reported that other places were in need of repairs which would be done at the earliest possible date.

The committee on town property and ways and means stated that arrangements had been made for paving stone, but could not be had on account of the bad roads, that in attempting to haul out material to be loaded, it was utterly impossible to do so, when on motion the committee was continued, and likewise on posts for the circle.

The walks through the square was discussed, as to the best mode to fix them, when on motion, the Burgess was requested to secure material to fill up the low places, for the present.

Objections was made in regard to a tree on pavement of Mrs. Shutt on High street, leaving very little space for passing, when on motion, Mr. A. Sheely be requested to see Mrs. S. in regard to its removal.

James A. Sadler asked for $60 on account for services rendered as lamp lighting. It was granted with the understanding that Mr. Sadler must light the lamps on all dark or cloudy nights, giving his personal attention to it, and especially have the lights burning on Sunday evenings until after the church services are over, should there be no bright moon light night.

Bills to the amount of $100.29 were presented and orders granted for the same.

On motion, adjourned to meet the first Tuesday of January at 6½ o'clock.

Attest, JOS. S. GETT, Sec'y.

From East Berlin.

Last Tuesday evening, while some of our young folks were enjoying themselves at a ball held in Baker's Hall, this place, some villian fired the building. Pieces of cloth saturated with coal oil were placed under the weatherboarding and burning a place about 10 inches square. Charred pieces of cloth were found next morning by Mr. Baker, who has a clue to the miscreant and is assiduously working it up.

On last Tuesday about noon, Mr. Daniel Hoover, a resident of Reading township, died suddenly of apoplexy. Not feeling well he had gone to the barn and hitched his horse to the buggy for the purpose of going to consult a physician. He went into the kitchen for the cushions to the buggy, and walked through to the back porch where he dropped over, and before any of the neighbors could be summoned was a corpse.

Last week while Aaron Jacobs was out gunning, he saw a red rabbit and chased it into a stone pile and dug it out and now has it on exhibition.

The Ladies' Mite Society cleared about $55 with their supper last week.

We hear of petty thieving going on in the community. On last Thursday night some one entered the cellar of Wm. Sunday and took bread, cakes, pies and a keg of rum.

From Abbottstown.

A gang of thieves made an extensive raid on cellars and smoke-houses in our town, last Sunday night. They visited five different places, carrying away small lots of eatables, wearing apparel and household utensils.

On last Tuesday, while Mr. J. B. Hoff, huckster, of this place, was attempting to load a hog just killed, his horses ran away, losing the hind part of the wagon and throwing the butter and eggs out on the ground, breaking about 50 dozen of eggs. The horses ran about three-fourths of a mile before they were caught. Besides the breaking of the eggs, the damage was slight.

The tramps are again beginning to take possession of the Pine Run school house, during the nights. It is both unpleasant and unsafe for the pupils to go there, on account of the dirt, filth, smoke and vermin left there by the tramps. The authorities have put up printed notices, and will arrest all tramps found loafing about the school house.

Warehouse Sold.

J. C. Neely, Esq., assignee of H. J. Myers, this week sold the warehouse property on Pitt street, to Mr. A. Sheely for $3,100. Mr. Sheely will continue the business.

The Fulton Democrat of last week says that land turtles are now shipped from that county to certain eating houses in Philadelphia at $7 a dozen. They are regarded as a great delicacy.

From Sell's Station.

Mrs. Samuel Grove, of near here, has in her possession a handkerchief which is 102 years old. It was formerly the property of her grandfather.

There seems to be an epidemic among the hogs in this section, which affects their spine and renders them unable to walk or stand on their hind feet.

Mr. Nicholas Gebhart lost a fine cow recently under peculiar circumstances. She put her head through between the rack and trough thereby gaining access to a heap of turnips, and ate so many that she died from the effects.

Mr. Samuel Basehoar, lost a valuable horse last week, from inflammation of the lungs.

Charles Kindig will move to McSherrystown next spring, to engage in the manufacture of cigar boxes.

The farmers of Union twp., have reorganized their Mutual Cattle Insurance Co., for the benefit of cattle feeders.

MARRIED.

Nov. 27, by Rev. D. N. Ditmar, Mr. Milton Hesson, of Littlestown, to Miss Mollie A. Decker, of Westminster.

Nov. 22, by Rev. Kautz, James B. Sheaffer, of Carlisle, to Alice M. Wolf, of Idaville.

Nov. 28, by Rev. J. Trostle, Mr. H. W. Weaver to Miss Laura A. Pfoutz, both of this county.

Nov. 28, by Rev. H. C. Shindle, Mr. Geo. W. Staley, of Butler, to Miss Flora Fidler, of Tyrone twp.

Dec. 1st, by the same, Mr. Abram Flohr to Miss Agnes E. Trimmer, both of New Chester.

DIED.

Deaths free,—tributes, verses, &c., 5 cents a line.

Nov. 28, near Cashtown, Mrs. Catharine Sharrah, aged 57 years, 7 months and 2 days.

Nov. 27, in Huntington twp., Mr. John Helsel, aged 79 years, 11 months and 17 days.

Nov. 25, in Tyrone twp., Miss Mary E. Camplain, aged 27 years, 6 months and 22 days.

Dec. 1, in Gettysburg, Wm. J. Cook, aged 18 years, 4 months and 3 days.

Nine persons were injured in a train wreck at Greensburg, Wednesday.

A baby three months old was suffocated by a cat lying on its mouth and nose in Berks county last Thursday.

A number of workmen were struck by a train at Wilkesbarre Wednesday morning, and four killed and a number injured.

"Whisky Jack," of Williamsport, who was about to receive $1500 in pensions, is dead and a veil of mystery surrounds his demise.

The three-story brick dwelling house of the Wonderly heirs, near New Kingston, Cumberland county, was destroyed by fire Tuesday. Loss, $4,000.

John Schroffman, a traveling musician, was struck and instantly killed by a passenger train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad near Hazleton late Tuesday night.

Monday morning, in Philadelphia, a three-story building burned and two mothers and five children perished in the flames, belonging to the Gustave Gross and Joseph Bitner families.

Collector S. M. Fridy announced the following appointments of deputy collectors last week:

For Franklin and Fulton counties—Hiram E. Wertz, of Quincy, Franklin county.

For York county—Henry K. Weiser, York, assistant inside deputy; R. Cornelius Liggitt, Fawn township; W. B. Young, Shrewsbury; Michael Smyser, York, and Captain John W. Minnich, Wrightsville, outside deputies.

For Cumberland and part of York—A. W. Plank, Churchtown, Cumberland county.

Jacob Krout, a farmer, of Bedminster township, Berks county, has just been convicted on a curious violation of the liquor laws. Some time ago workmen mending roads, under the direction of the district road supervisor, collected $1.50 among themselves and and bought two gallons of domestic wine of Mr. Krout.

From the evidence it was plain that Mr. Krout was entirely innocent of an intention to violate the liquor laws. Among the party who drank the wine was the constable of Bedminster township who afterwards returned the case to the present session of court as a violation of the laws. In charging the jury, Judge Yerkes said that whether the defendant knew or did not know he was violating the liquor laws, he had no right to sell domestic wine, and was guilty under the late act of Assembly.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

LEVIATHANS OF THE DEEP.

INTERESTING AND CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT WHALES.

The Whale is Not a Fish—Not All Whales Furnish Whalebones—Their Small Throats.

Of all the modern scientists engaged in the work of investigation, perhaps none have adopted a field more peculiar and entertaining than Professor Frederick W. True, of the National Museum. Professor True is a young man, but he has already spent five years of his career as a scientist in looking up one subject—whales.

"The reason that my attention was directed to this subject particularly," said Professor True to a Washington *Post* reporter, "was the fact that so little was known to scientific men concerning whales. The works on zoology either treated the whale with a few generalizations, or ignored it altogether. My purpose has been to cover this field as well as it possibly can be done with such sources of information as are available. I spent four months in England and the continent of Europe in the study of specimens.

"Only about eighteen species of the fifty-six that frequent the coast of North America are well known, and the majority of these of forms which have long been under observation. The number of species whose habits, variations and distribution are thoroughly understood is still smaller. The life of the whale is passed with but little of it being visible, and it is not an approachable animal. What is known of its life has been obtained at long range, and many errors have thereby crept in. All the romance about thrilling adventures in the capture of the whale have had their day. It is still regarded as a dangerous occupation, but nothing like what it was in the past. You will hear no more stories of hand harpooning and the smoking line running out over the bow, the boat towed by a leviathan at lightning speed, and all those details that illuminated the old-time stories of the sea. Now whales are killed with a bomb lance, fired as any other projectile, at a moderately long range. It carries an explosive substance that detonates when the lance enters the body of the whale. That is the modern way. The whale is generally harpooned afterward in order to make it fast, and unless this is attempted before the whale is dead it is not attended with any danger."

"What are some of the popular fallacies in regard to whales?"

"In the first place the greatest of them all is that the whale is a fish. It is a mammal with none of the characteristics of a fish, except that it exists in the water. An animal that nurses its young, and has rudimentary hind legs, could hardly correspond to a fish in any respect. In almost every cut of a whale you will see the animal spouting a tremendous volume of water from his blowholes. This is purely an imaginary habit on the part of the whales. The blowholes of the whales correspond to the nostrils of other animals. When it comes to the surface to breathe, it expels the air from its lungs with a violent effort. Its nostrils are apt to be slightly under water, and the result is a column of spray rises in the air. This has been mistaken in the distance by sailors for a column of water. When a whale had been harpooned so that its lungs had been penetrated, it is likely that the whale spouted blood and water through its nostrils, and this has confirmed the original error when the sailors observed it at close range.

"Another popular error," continued Professor True, "is that all whales furnish whalebone. Two great classifications among whales are the toothed and the whalebone varieties. The sperm whale is a toothed whale, and the right whale is a whalebone whale. The whalebone in a good-sized whale is worth several hundreds of dollars. The toothed whales really have not much use for their teeth, as they cannot chew anything with them. They are merely a row of points that serve to grasp a fish or other kind of prey, and hold it until it can work it down its throat. The teeth are only on the lower jaw. There are no molars among the teeth, and they cannot grind the food. Then the jaw is not hung so that it can do anything more than snap. The whalebone whale uses the fringe of the whalebone around the upper jaw in lieu of teeth. It strikes a school of shellfish, which abound in great numbers in the sea, and when its gets them in its mouth it closes its jaws. The water is squeezed out and the whale swallows everything that is left."

"How large an object can a whale swallow?"

"The throat of the largest specimen is not more than three inches and a half in diameter. Jonah was a very small man if he made the round trip through a whale's throat."

"Have any species been exterminated?"

"From what we know, it is not probable. For a few years the right whale disappeared totally from the North American coast. None were stranded, and there was no evidence that any more were in existence. A year or two ago one or two specimens were seen, and now they are reasonably plentiful again. Whether they disappeared because they were pursued by man or for some other reason we cannot establish. That they totally disappeared, however, is conclusive. The fact is, that when a certain kind of whale becomes so scarce as to be in danger of extermination it then becomes unprofitable to chase it, and the opportunity for a renewal of the breed is favorable."

"Do they breed rapidly?"

"One or two at a birth is the rule. The smaller varieties generally bear twins, and a single one at a birth is probably the case with the greater varieties. The infants are born pretty well able to take care of themselves, though they are carefully nursed by the mother until they are swift enough to provide themselves with food. It is the belief that the mother floats on her side on top of the water when nursing, so that the young can suckle with their blowholes out of water. Whether this is true or not I do not know. A female with young is very wary and difficult to approach, so that very little can be gathered on this point from actual observation."

"Do whales ever sleep?"

"That is one of the many things that we do not know. Sperm whales have been known to lie on the water motionless for a considerable period, but it can only be guessed whether they are asleep or not. A whale could not sleep under water for any length of time. It has a capacity for storing a great deal of air in the blood vessels that fill the neck and are found well down through the body: but at the furthest this could not last it more than a half hour, when it would have to come to the surface to blow. It is assumed that many of the lower forms of life never sleep, but in the case of the whale I do not know that that point has ever been investigated. It will be a long time before we know all that it is necessary to know about the rovers of the sea. It is, indeed, strange that, while the external and internal peculiarities and the life-history of numberless insects and minute and lowly animals have been thoroughly investigated, many of these great beasts have been entirely neglected."

SELECT SIFTINGS.

One Colorado wheat field employs 300 hands.

Gold is melted at a temperature of about 1300 degrees.

Mahogany and ebony are used for railroad ties in Mexico.

A petrified alligator was recently found on the beach at Cutler, Me.

Freemasons in the United States number 650,000; in the world about three million.

Educational gifts on the average amount to about $5,000,000 per annum in this country.

A Chinaman arrested for fighting registered as Cabbage Cow at a San Francisco police station.

The colony at Victoria, Australia, with 1,100,000 inhabitants, is said to muster 150 "religious sects."

A lady who fell asleep on an Allentown (Penn.) street car was carried around the line three times before awaking.

A fifty-year-old grapevine grows in Germantown, Penn., on a trunk which measures two feet and a half round.

A huge wrist-pin in the shape of a horseshoe has recently been cast in Pennsylvania which weighed 2500 pounds.

At the mayoralty of Berthecourt, France, babies are now baptized in the name of the republic, and so duly registered.

The flag with forty-two stars will not be legal until July 4, 1890. The new States will not be admitted until next winter.

A man who is in the Birmingham (Ala.) jail charged with murder weighed only eighty pounds when arrested. His weight is now 160.

The force which a California pumpkin exerts while growing is equal to the strength of a large horse attached to a stick of timber.

The grade of the cogged-track railway which is being built at Pike's Peak, Col., will be twenty-five feet to the one hundred, or 1320 feet to the mile.

A lion in the Philadelphia Zoo, suffering from the toothache, his keeper administered laughing gas, put the beast to sleep and safely extracted the offending molar.

An Ohio father sent a note to the county judge forbidding him to issue a marriage license to his daughter. It had no effect, for the "girl" went there herself and swore she was thirty-five years of age.

There is a large body of English Mussulmans at Cape Town, South Africa, the descendants of Malay seamen. Their language is English, but they are provided with mollahs and Arabic teachers from Constantinople.

The Ceylon papers announce the death of an elephant named Sella, which has served the public works department for over sixty-five years, and had worked in various parts of the island under different circumstances for an unknown period.

In the neighborhood of Stafford, England, three old men, whose united ages amount to 213 years, have just completed a task of hoeing twelve acres of common turnips, etc. The same men have worked on the same farm and for the same farmer unitedly for 120 years.

One of the notable men in Pulaski County, Va., is William Craig. He is eighty-five years old and the father of twenty-one children, the youngest being twenty-nine years of age and the oldest sixty-five. His wife is eighty-four. He works on his form every day and says he feels as young as when only forty.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

The craze for antique oak and white and gold furniture is on the increase.

Brown, tan, gray, and black gloves are the correct wear with all out-of-door toilets.

All waists have surplices, bretelles, plastrons, waistcoats or revers of one kind or another.

The new Duchess of Marlborough is making a reputation in England by raising fine dogs.

Embroideries are not used on the choicest underwear. Lace trimmed goods are first choice.

A discussion has been started lately as to the advisability of having at least seven pockets in a dress.

Hangings of willow bamboo are used for country bedroom windows. They can be looped back or left hanging.

Entire dresses of crocheted wool are worn by English children, especially delicate ones, in cold, damp weather.

At the sale of the Duke of Brunswick's effects in London, Mrs. Mackey purchased a pair of diamond ear-rings for $400,000.

The Carrick cape, with a flat boa or stole ending in square tabs at the knees or higher, is a fashionable London wrap.

A handkerchief in the possession of the Empress of Russia is said to have cost $2500. It took seven years to make it.

In the manicure world filbert finger nails are cultivated and the moons brought out with a touch of cherry lip rouge.

A piano once owned by the wife of President John Quincy Adams is now in the possession of Miss Cordelia Meyers, of Newville, Penn.

It is said the milliner who makes the bonnets for the Princess of Wales and her daughters has no other customers and does not hang out a sign.

The exquisite "finish" which is put upon all dresses and mantles, and which is the distinguishing feature of the times, is an outcome of the tailor gown.

Some one who has made a study of the chemical properties of veal urges women who desire to become beautiful to sleep with slices of it on their faces.

Mrs. Harrison has now in the White House several quaint and genuine pieces of antique furniture which she picked up during her summer's visit to Nantucket.

The mother of the famous Guernsey sisters performed the remarkable feat at the age of seventy of learning Hebrew enough to read the Psalms in their original tongue.

An old friend has come to the front again this season in the shape of ladies' cloth. This fabric appears with border effects, which are a novelty. It is likely to be exceedingly popular.

The richest woman in Wisconsin is Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, whose husband left her an estate worth many millions. She is the widow of the late President of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road.

Queen Maria Pia, of Portugal, who has been spoken of frequently as the best-dressed woman in Europe, is said to enjoy occasional flights to Austria, Belgium or Germany on symyathetic missions.

The Empress Frederick, in fulfilment of a wish of her late illustrious consort, sent, on the anniversary of the battle of Sedan, sums of money to a great number of needy soldiers who were wounded in that engagement.

The general rule for street toilets is to have a plain long rendigote of plain stuff, word over a skirt of striped tartan, brocaded, figured, or bordered material, and this rule is followed for silk suits as well as for woolen.

Three Austrian ladies, sisters—the Mlles. Welt—have passed the examination on the honor list for the doctor's degree at the University of Vienna. Women doctors are not, however, permitted to practice in the Empire, and two of the sisers have sailed for America.

Dove or Quaker gray is the most fashionable and also the most becoming shade of this most trying color. It combines well with Eiffel, pale rose, blue, water green, canary yellow, flamingo red, and other shades of bright and positive color, with cream, pure white, black, silver and gold, copper and steel.

It is to be feared that the very small bonnets which even elderly women seem so fond of will bring about an invasion of hair. "Too much hair and not enough hat" form a combination that has been fashionable before. Can we ever forget the day of big chignons and little tip-tilted saucer-shaped hats? Is not the very thought of a return to these terrifying?

Ringoal is a new English out-of-doors game for ladies. It is played with grace hoops and sticks and two nets eight feet high and ten feet wide. It is proposed to make it rival and rule out tennis, if possible, as it exercises both arms, both shoulders, both hands, and the whole body in the running and turning necessary to catch the hoops before they reach the goals or nets.

Oriental ideas prevail in costumes. Persian, Bulgarian, Turkish, Servian and Arabian embroideries are all the rage, and are used on gowns of pure white and cream serge, on velvets and silk and woolen, and silk and wool mixtures of all colors and shades, converting the garments with which they are trimmed, no matter what the material, into gorgeous wonders of taste and fine art and dreams of splendor.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Gum chewers' paralysis is the latest form of professional neurosis recorded in medical literature.

The new telescope for the Harvard observatory has been completed and will be used for photographing stars.

Some interesting experiments have lately been undertaken at Cherbourg, France, to ascertain the possibility of telephoning between topedo boats and the admiral's ship, so that orders can be given direct.

The smokeless powder intended for use in the Austrian army is now declared to be perfect. Beside the initial advantage of being smokeless, it is said to give a velocity some twenty per cent. greater than that of ordinary powder.

A Brazilian inventor has devised a method of keeping soup plates and other article in their places on board ship in rough weather. This is, to have the plates fitted with an iron foot, and an electro-magnet fitted into the table keeps the plate in position.

It is stated that successful trials have been made privately in Austria with a new explosive, probably of the nature of melinite, prepared by an officer, Lieutenant Kubin. It is called "ecrasite," and is said to be very powerful, and at the same time insensible to mechanical and atmospheric influences.

A German scientist wishes to determine by means of photography if the moon is inhabited, and it is said that the King of Wurtemberg has decided, in order to solve this interesting problem, to cause to be made, in the best possible condition, photographs of the moon; then to enlarge the negative 190,000 times.

M. de Susini, a Corsican doctor, has, it is asserted, constructed a motive apparatus or propeller of twenty-horse power, which is worked by sulphuric ether, a result which the doctor anticipates will realize a saving of sixty-five per cent. of the combustible material at present employed for setting machinery in motion.

A young German student of Assyriology has been experimenting with soft tiles and a stylus, and concludes that the Assyrians wrote their cuneiform lines with a cube-shaped instrument having a pointed end, which was made of wood, not metal. He professes to find it very easily to write cuneiform as rapidly as a German with such a stylus.

It is calculated that a range of mountains consisting of 176 cubic miles of solid rock falling into the sun would only maintain the heat for a single second. A mass equal to that of the earth would maintain the heat for only ninety-three years, and a mass equal to that of the sun itself falling into the sun would afford 33,000,000 years of sun heat.

Professor Hirschberg declares in a Viennese medical paper that Professor Ebers, the well-known novelist, has rendered a great service to medical science by the discovery, translation and reproduction in facsimile of part of a valuable MS. containing medical recipes used in Egypt and written about 1500 years before Christ. The portion translated and annotated by Ebers treats of diseases of the eye. It is the oldest medical treatise now known.

A peculiar tendency in idiots to imperfections and disease in the teeth has been noticed by several physicians; and it has been studied by Madame Sollier in a hundred cases of idiots taken at random. The multiplicity and variety of the dental lessons were remarkable; and the conclusion has been drawn that idiocy, with or without epilepsy, predisposes to arrests of development and to anomalies of dentition. The effect rarely appears in the first teeth, however, but almost wholly in the second.

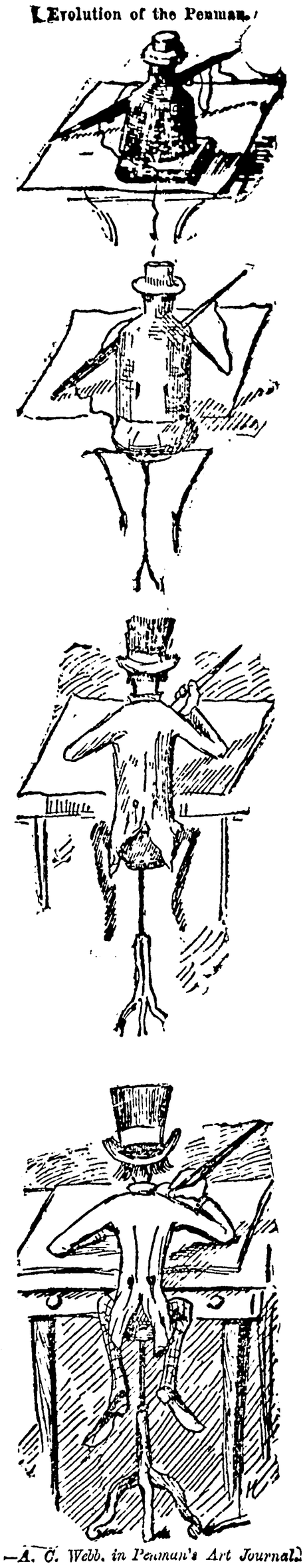
A Dog That Showed Sense.

A little crowd of seedy men, says the New York *Tribune*, were gathered the other night about one of the ugly furnaces that defaced City Hall Park, while the contractors were covering the plaza with asphaltum. They were warming their bodies in the tarry smoke that streamed out of it, and had deserted the seats under the trees where they had slept most of the summer.

"I saw a queer thing happen here yesterday," said one of them. "A big Newfoundland dog, with a muzzle on him, was following a boy along Mail street, when a little bull terrier made a dash for him and got a death grip on one of the big fellow's ears. It was all done so quick that the Newfoundland was being well chewed before he knew what struck him. He gave a howl and a snap at the little brute, but his muzzle would not allow him to open his jaws, and the bull terrier chewed away like mad. All he could do was to turn tail and run, but the terrier did not loose his grip and went along, too. They dashed through the crowd, passed the fountain, and out on the plaza here, where the big fellow nearly ran over a pail of smoking hot tar that was standing for a moment by the side of a workman, who had stepped to light his pipe.

"Quick as a flash the big dog stopped, and threw his head as high in the air as he could. This dragged the little terrier well off his feet, and nearly tore the ear from the head of the Newfoundland, but when the little brute came down again, he lit plump in the pail of burning tar. He let go quick enough then, you bet, and as the big fellow trotted off, shaking his head, I felt like giving him a cheer for his smartness."

Evolution of the Penman.



—*A. C. Webb, in Penman's Art Journal.*

Make Yourself Solid.

If you have frequent headaches, dizziness and fainting spells, accompanied by chills, cramps, corns, bunions, chilblains, epilepsy and jaundice, it is a sign that you are not well, but are liable to die any minute. Pay your subscription a year in advance and thus make yourself solid for a good obituary notice.—*Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze.*

Mr. Edmund Gosse was presented, on the occasion of his resigning the Clark lectureship in English literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, with a beautiful service in old Sheffield plate, by a number of university men who attended his lectures as undergraduates, 'in the hope that our gift may serve to remind you of a pleasant episode in your life and of those whom you charmed and stimulated.'

A Sacrifice.

"Do you sell postage-stamps here, Bub?" asked old Mrs. Bargin, entering the drug store.

"No, 'm," returned the boy; "we just give 'em away at cost."—*Puck.*

Nevassa or Navaza is a small island of the Caribbean Sea, off the west coast of Hayti. It furnishes guano. It is owned by a Boston syndicate. The questions as to jurisdiction are now before the United States Attorney-General, and the place has just been made interesting by a guano labor strike and riots.

According to a Russian paper there are actually in Russia more than 500,000 beggars who carry on begging as a business with the indorsements of village, city and church authorities. Upward of 3200 of them are of noble blood; 3491 of the clerical calling, and 181,932 peasants. Moscow, of all Russian cities, contains the most beggars of noble origin.

The Mormons who expect to find an asylum in the Canadian Northwest where they may practice polygamy undisturbed will find, asserts the San Francisco *Chronicle*, that the Dominion authorities are not partial to any vagaries on the marriage relation. The "saints" would do better to strike for some South American country where the moral lines are not drawn so strictly.

Laborers digging a sewer at Ticonderoga, N. Y., found a stone under which was a partly decayed oaken coffin, containing a well-preserved skull and some bones. An inscription showed that this was the grave of that Lord George Howe, the English infantry officer, who fell before the French at Ticonderoga in July, 1758. Relic hunters were with difficulty prevented from taking pieces of the coffin before it could be put in a place of safety.

A vote was taken at the St. Louis Exposition on the national flower question, resulting in favor of the golden rod by a vote of 6347 to 4743 for the sunflower. Sixty-one different flowers were voted for, but those running the highest were; Rose, 3241; daisy, 1342; violet, 951; pansy, 842; lily, 741; tuberose, 643: pink, 556; morning glory, 451. The violets, pinks, pansies, daisies, and other modest flowers of beauty drew ballots largely from ladies.

The admirers of Prince Bismarck in Germany are developing plans to found a Bismarck museum in Berlin on the next birthday anniversary of the Chancellor. Collections have been made already and requests sent out for all relics pertaining to the Prince or his family. It will, in all probability, be arranged somewhat after the style of the well-known Hohenzollern museum, which is in one of the palaces of Frederick the Great. The Chancellor is flattered by the idea.

Colonel W. W. Rockhill, recently secretary of legation at Pekin, China, has returned to Washington after a journey through Thibet. He estimates the population of the country at 2,000,000, one-third of whom are lamas or priests, who practically monopolize education and wealth. There is a nominal King, beside the grand lama, but the country is governed by the Chinese minister and residents, and pays tribute to China. The country is poor and largely a wilderness

The controversy as to the island upon which Columbus first landed when he reached the New World and which he named San Salvador is likely to be reinvigorated by the coming celebration in honor of his great achievement. The New York *Sun* says the trouble is that "the hardy old mariner in his log book gave anything but definite and minute descriptions of the many islands he visited. His discovery of Cuba, the crowning achievement of his first voyage, distracted attention from the Bahamas. They were very little known for many years after Columbus discovered them, and were never correctly chartered until this century. Washington Irving made the long narrow island, now known as Cat Island, the scene of Columbus's first appearance in America. His theory was long ago discarded. Other students declared in favor of Grand Turk, Mayaguana, Samana, and one or two other islands, but serious flaws have been found in their arguments. The supposition advanced by Munoz nearly a century ago that the little Watling's Island lying under twenty-four degrees north latitude is Columbus's San Salvador best stands the test of investigation and recent geographers, by a comparison of the great discoverer's log-book with the correct charts of the Bahamas, are generally agreed that in all probability Watling's Island was the first bit of the New World visited by Columbus."

IN HOPE OF SPRING.

Above his rest deft autumn softly weaves
A coverlet to wrap the new grave in,
And broiders it with gold and scarlet leaves,
While spring's sweet mysteries of bloom begin
Beneath the mould o'er which the sore heart grieves
For hopes that perished, like a flower in frost—
A symbol that each passing season leaves,
To say: That is not dead which seemeth lost.

Cold, silent lips, which our warm lips have kissed,
Dear hands, whose touch can never be forgot,
Friendships that vanish like a summer mist,
We have you, and, behold, we have you not.
A lonesome shadow falls across the floor
From each low grave they heap beneath the sod
Where sleep the ones we miss; but evermore
We have them safe in Paradise, with God.

To me, it often seems that death must be
Like going on a journey, very far,
Across the mountain and the solemn sea,
To dwell in a new land where strangers are.
But if a friend is there we loved of old,
Our eager thoughts fly faster than our feet,
And when in ours their loving hands we hold,
The stranger land seems full of welcome sweet.

How fair his grave will be when spring comes back,
And from the mould that hides his face away,
The violets grow, and every robin's track
Is covered by the creeping things of May.
How fair his face will be when dreams come true,
And we stand face to face with him, and see
The rapture of a joy we never knew
Break in the eyes we miss so constantly.

Sleep well, warm heart, so brief a time on earth,
Beneath the dead leaves and the autumn rain;
That which men count as death, in heaven is birth;
Flowers die, we say, but bloom in spring again.
The violet, above you, in the mould,
Awaits the resurrection of the year,
And when its leaves, in April days, unfold,
We'll say: "He lives with God, who once was with us here."

—*Vick's Magazine.*

WILD OATS.

A light struck, like a knife, through the gloom. Then there was darkness again. A muffled cry. Then silence. In a moment the man removed his hand from the woman's mouth.

"Don't scream. I have no intention of hurting you. I am not here to steal; I am hiding. If you make a sound, if you alarm the house, I am a lost man."

Suddenly the moon, issuing from under a cloud, threw a pale beam over the place where they stood. The woman—she was only a pale, slight girl—could now see the intruder's face distinctly—a face haggard, determined, desperate. What intuition had made him speak as he had? At the supreme crisis of life there sometimes come these illuminations. He was an unknown man, fleeing for safety or for life and making his way by main force in the dead of night into the outskirts of a strange house. Yet all the girl said, after looking at him a moment, was:

"How did you get here?"

"I vaulted over the outer wall. I repeat that if you make a sound I am a lost man."

He made no other appeal to her; yet she continued motionless, not calling, only trembling a little from excitement.

"You can't hide here," she then said. "You will be found. You can go out of the house door if that will help you."

He did not answer and she turned mechanically to lead the way. The bar of moonlight accompanied them, piercing the interior of the dark, wide rooms. She moved noiselessly, a white, shadowy figure, and the man followed. She might be—she probably was—helping a felon to escape. The thought went through her brain. But she soundlessly drew aside the fastening of the heavy door. The night wind rushed in softly. The silver-tinted sea lay without, heaving, with long breaks, in sleep.

"There is the road to the open country," she said. It stretched away like a white ribbon, indefinitely, into the night.

Again he answered nothing. Only, as he passed through the door, he turned and looked at her.

* * * * * *

For days this tropic sea had been of a dense, deep, unchanging cobalt blue. Winds were light; the sky arched above like a dome of unclouded sapphire. To Rosalys the past and the future appeared alike to have become merged in a distant, soft, silver haze. But then this was natural. For Rosalys was to be married shortly after the vessel reached port. After spending two years in the Australian wilds she was returning home. And the man to whom she was to give herself was returning with her.

"It will seem strange to you—the life of civilization—after the other sort of life you led so long, and the freedom of it," she would say to him as they slowly paced the deck together under the luminous Southern stars that seemed to hang above them like golden lamps.

But Storrman never made any direct reply. He talked little, at any time, of his past. He acknowledged that he had been rather wild when he first took to the Australian bush. Perhaps that, she thought, was the reason for his reticence. In general he did not say much about himself. But his bold eyes looked down upon her tenderly, and he pressed her slender arm with a lover's passion. In truth, she had never seemed so lovely to him as in these days with the ocean winds in her pale gold hair and the infinite blue of sky and sea reflected in deeper shades under the long fringe of her dark lashes. And he said to himself that he loved her, loved her extremely. She was charming, and he saw no reason to regret that he had become engaged to her. She was rather poor, to be sure. But then he himself had enough for both. Let him only get full in the stream of civilized life again—a man's identity was never so lost as in a crowd—and with money and a pretty and winsome wife, what could he more desire? All those results appeared imminent now. He was conscious, as every day took them farther from one shore and nearer to another, that the sense of approaching a final goal brought a restless impatience with it. By heaven! It was a lucky day for a man, the day in which he felt that he had burned his ships behind him! Burned them so crisply to the last cinder that not the most spectral ghost could rise up from their ashes. Storrman did not expect to be troubled with spectres.

And yet he saw one.

It was late one afternoon on deck. A hot and heavy stillness had fallen over the sea. The evening sky had an almost ominous splendor and depth of blueness. The sunset had flamed itself away, leaving one crimson banner of cloud stretching upward like a pointing finger. Storrman was alone. He had wandered forward negligently among the second cabin passengers. And there, looking down, he came upon a partly recumbent figure turned motionless toward the sea. The man had drawn the cap low down over his eyes. What a resemblance!

The next instant he had glanced up. This was no simple resemblance. They looked at each other and neither moved for the space of a moment. Storrman was the first to unlock his dry lips.

"You are here? How——" his voice appeared to strangle in his throat.

The other had not changed color by a shade.

"You are surprised to see me," he said slowly. "Well, I suppose it is natural that you should be. It is exactly five years since we parted. The five years have made a difference, too." His dark eyes traveled leasurely over Storrman's appearance—an appearance faultless and immaculate, the appearance of the successful man of the world. Then with a cynical something that was like a smile they dropped to himself—shabby, seedy, a second-class passenger, nothing more. Storrman watched him with a blanching face.

"Do you intend to talk? To tell what you know? How have you been on board all this time without my seeing you?"

"I was pretty well knocked up when we left port. Low fever or something of that sort. I had to take to my bunk and stay there. As to talking—as to telling the truth—what do you think? It strikes me that this might be a good moment."

He spoke impassively, not removing his eyes from those of the man standing before him.

"Good heaven, Horst, have some pity! I am engaged to be married. The girl is here—on board—at this instant—"

"Ah! It would be even a better moment than I thought then, would it not? Your gains have made you rich, your identity has been successfully sunk out of sight; you are about to win a presumably good girl for your wife. Yes, I think the moment would be well chosen for bringing you to book. As to pity, did you show me any? What am I to be moved to compassion for? Because you let me rot in a prison five years? I ought to despise you too much to get vengeance out of you. But I don't. I have waited for this hour for five years. I have dreamed of it, planned for it. When I got out to the light of day again I tracked you, found you, followed you on board this ship. It wasn't easy work finding you either. The highly respectable Roger Storrman of to-day has obliterated every trace of his identity with the John Rogerson of five years ago, who was a forger, a thief and a felon—"

"Hush—for God's sake, hush!"

"At last," Horst went on, unperturbed, "fate has put you under my hand. Do you think I shall let you slip?"

The last word died abruptly on his lips. A woman's slight figure was moving lightly along the deck, the last glow of the sunset was behind her. Her eyes were fixed on Storrman and a half smile parted her lips. The man leaning back against the roll of cordage at his feet she did not notice at all. He was, to her casual glance, a shabby second-cabin passenger with whom Storrman had been kindly enough to enter into cursory talk.

"I have been waiting for you," she said, with a deepening of the adorable smile on her lips. She slipped her arm through Storrman's and they moved away together. And the man left behind watched the two retreating forms motionlessly, breathlessly.

This was the girl whom Storrman was about to marry!

The last flame of red had faded out of the sky and the stars were coming faintly out. The still heat had grown more still and a dense bank of cloud was forming slowly against the horizon. The Captain passed, his cap low over his eyes, a brooding frown in the latter. A sailor watched the horizon. And still Horst did not move.

He had gone back five, ten years, in his life. There had been wild moments of early youth that had brought regret, and then a bitter reaping of such wild oats in further and perilous recklessness. How had Storrman and he first fallen in together? It had been shortly after his own coming to Australia. Storrman, sprung from nothing, vicious to the core, with naught but his animal good looks and his unbounded audacity to serve him, had amused the younger man, and, while Horst was half contemptuous of him, perhaps had influenced him as well. The one was utterly unscrupulous; the other, with all his recklessness, a man of honor. And Storrman, conscious of the difference, of the indistinct, the irritating superiority, had hated his boon companion. Horst had known it and had not cared. "He would serve me any scurvy trick," he said to himself coolly. And a time came when his foresight was vindicated. By a strange combination of circumstances Storrman, who had forged, found himself one day in a position to cover himself by falsely accusing and involving Horst. He did both. He vanished, leaving no trace behind him. Horst, the law at his heels, made a desperate flight by night. To a pale, frail young girl, white in the light of a summer moonbeam, he had owed a temporary escape. But before many days he had been tracked, captured and imprisoned—evidence not being complete against him—for five years only. Now the five years were over. And in one day he had seen the man and the woman with whom his every thought in those five years had been associated—the man whom he hated and on whom he had sworn to avenge himself, and the woman whom he loved, for by one of the strange mysteries of human passion, Horst, reckless, careless, cynical, had come to love this girl, seen but once, radiant as an angel of mercy and of whose name even he was ignorant. And she it was whom his enemy was to marry!

A sudden gust of wind tore his cap from his eyes. There was a rushing sound in his ears. He staggered to his feet. The sea had turned over all its expanse a dense, oily green, deepening in the trough of the waves to a gray blackness. What awful change had come over that smiling nature—that infinite blue that had subsisted for so many days?

The force of the hurricane, of the fierce tropic storm, burst over the ship a few seconds later. It had grown swiftly, densely dark. The orders of the Captain rang faintly through the roar and hiss of wind and wave. Then, after a time—was it minutes or hours?—there came another change. The fury of storm had spent itself. But the vessel had sprung a leak and was sinking.

A wild rush for the boats, cries of women, shrieks of children, oaths of men. And then—who shall say by what supreme instinct—Horst found himself struggling through the frantic press of dying souls near to the side of Rosalys and his arm about her. A flash of lightning illumined her still, white face, strangely composed and quiet, and Storrman's, distorted with terror, elbowing women out of his way like a beast, looking only for the boats for his own safety, forgetful of all else.

Already Horst had lifted Rosalys in his arms.

"Stand back;" he cried fiercely. And the last boat was launched, and Rosalys had a place in it.

There was another forward lurch, and then it was seen that the women had all been transferred to the boats. And now there was room only for one more—a man. They stood side by side—Horst and Storrman. Which should it be?

It was the work of a second. Should he take his revenge now? It lay in his grasp. With one bound he could leave Storrmann behind him to face death. Who shall tell the temptations of that infinitesimal fraction of time?

Then something that had survived through the wreck of much that had been noblest in the man asserted itself. He stepped back. Storrman was saved.

* * * * * *

At the gate of a small cottage in a quiet country town a girl, dressed simply in black, waited toward the close of the day. It was Rosalys, and she was changed. Something of the luminous young softness had gone out of her eyes; in them was a graver depth. She was a little older, a little more serious. One dread experience may add years to the life. Rosalys waited for a step to approach through the dusk, and finally it came. It was that of a man, and Rosalys flushed and grew pale. Then a stillness fell over her. He was standing before her now. He had come for his answer. But he did not ask for it; he did not plead. His eyes were downcast. He was like a culprit before a judge.

Suddenly she extended her hand.

He raised his eyes and saw hers, through the gloaming, diffused with tender tears of love.

"If you have only pity for me——" he began.

"Pity! No! Or pity and something else—yes. When you abdicated your own chance of life for a man who had done you such harm; when you conquered your desire for revenge and yourself, you did that which more than atoned for the follies and sins of a reckless youth. And now you have told me that you love me. You know that I mourned that man—Roger Storrman. But I knew nothing of his past. Now I do know——"

She paused and Host looked at her. For it was Horst. How Storrman had been lost that night of the wreck a year before and Horst saved was one of the mysteries of that awful hour. Horst only remembered that when he had stepped back to give Storrman his chance of life, there had suddenly been a rush of waters in his ears, followed by a surging blackness around him. Madly he had thrown a clutch out at something, and then he found himself clinging to the side of the boat.

Everything between that moment and the hour when the boats were taken up by a sailing vessel the next day was a blank, out of which there started distinctly one remembrance only—the sight of Rosalys's white face, still quiet, still composed. He had come back to civilization to find himself the heir fo a small fortune left him by a distant relative, to whom his wild career in Australia had been unknown. And he had come back to more—to a desire for a repectable life, emphasized a thousandfold by the love which had now grown into a holy passion.

At this instant a great and wondrous hope of love returned arose in his heart. Trembling he put it from him.

"But think what my life has been? Think—"

"I think only that I love you," was the simple answer. Then she smiled sadly, divinely. "No more wild oats!" she said.—*New York Mercury.*

WISE WORDS.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

If you would create something, you must be something.

Give until you feel it, and then give until you don't feel it.

Ability involves responsibility; power to its last particle is duty.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds make ill deeds done.

He who pretends to know everything proves that he knows nothing.

A little seeing saves much looking, a little speaking saves much talking.

He travels safe and not unpleasantly who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.

As charity requires forgetfulness of evil deeds, so patience requires forgetfulness of evil accidents.

Slugs crawl and crawl over our cabbages, like the world's slander over a good name. You may kill them, it is true, but there is the slime.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob.

What is conscience? If there be such a power, what is its office? It would seem to be simply this: to approve of our own conduct when we do what we believe to be right, and to censure us when we commit whatever we judge to be wrong.

Remember that he is indeed the wisest and the happiest man, who by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunity of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution breaks through every opposition that he may improve these opportunities.

Bismarck and Gladstone.

It would be hard to find two men who are so radically different as Bismarck and Gladstone. Both have arrived at the age when most men have passed into senility, but both seem to be vigorous and capable of doing yeoman service. Bismarck differs from Gladstone in that he pays little or no attention to literature, and rarely, if ever, makes a speech. Gladstone, as all the world knows, is continually speechmaking or writing pamphlets, or discussing this or that ism, or plunging headlong into some work that many a younger man would feel unequal to; but Bismarck, trained as a lawyer, schooled in state craft as no other man in Europe, able to speak half a dozen languages, conversant with all the classics of the time, cares nothing for them now. He seems to have but one hope and one ambition. It is Germany. Few persons know that he is a proficient Greek and Latin scholar, and it may surprise people to be acquainted with the fact that in his early days he made numerous translations of Virgil and Homer. History and geography have always been his favorite studies. He would not be a German if he did not love music. He is a great admirer of Beethoven, and, while he dislikes everything that is French, he speaks in high praise of the realistic novelists of that country. In his younger days he was a great gambler, and it is on record that he has not bet on a card for many a day. He is a great smoker and prefers the old-fashioned pipe to a cigar. In personal appearance he is very stoop-shouldered, and when walking leans heavily on his cane. His clothes are ill-fitting, but his eye is clear and the firm mouth is easily discerned through a gray mustache that hardly covers his lips.—*Washington Star*

Christopher C. Andel is the father of the smallest mite of humanity in New Haven, and, in all probability, in Connecticut. His only child is a baby boy that, when it was seventeen days old, weighed two pounds and five ounces. The boy was then eleven inches long, but very thin. His arm was then about twice as thick as the stem of a clay pipe, and his fingers were so slender it was difficult to institute a comparison.

Disease has ravaged some of the grouse preserves in Scotland to an alarming extent. On one moor recently out of 260 birds killed all had to be buried.

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The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 6, 1889.

The fifty-first Congress convened on Monday and it will prove an exciting session. For the first time in ten years the Republicans have a majority in the House, and they organized by electing: Speaker, Thomas B. Reed, Maine; Clerk, Edward McPherson,(Gettysb'g) Pennsylvania; Sergeant-at-arms, A. J. Holmes, Iowa; Doorkeeper, C. W. Adams, Maryland; Postmaster, J. A. Wheat, Wisconsin; Chaplain, Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher, Washington.

For ten months ending October 31 the immigration was nearly a hundred thousand less than for the same period of 1888, the exact figures being—ten months, 1888, 473,172; ten months, 1889, 378,140. There was a decrease of 10,000 from Germany and 10,000 from Ireland, while Sweden and Norway fell off from 62,051 to 39,258, and Italy 44,078 to 24,463. Scotland sent 7,000 less than in 1888, and Holland was about the only country that showed an increase.

At 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon Oil City, Pa., was thrown into the wildest consternation by a terrific report. A boat loaded with five tons of nitroglycerine had exploded about one mile outside the city limits, hurling into eternity three men, Fisher and Hoffman and one unknown. The bodies of Fisher and Hoffman were found a short distance from the scene of the disaster, and, strange to say, they were without a scratch, but their clothing was entirely stripped from their bodies, and even their rubber boots were torn into shreds. Of the third man no portion has been discovered. It is supposed that he was blown to atoms.

The force of the explosion is clearly indicated by the condition of the property in the vicinity where it occurred. Houses and barns were scattered and torn beyond all hope of repair. Three mammoth ice houses located within a thousand feet of the boat that contained the deadly compound, were lifted bodily over a hundred feet into the air, torn into kindling wood and scattered over a large area. Dwellings half a mile away were completely wrecked.

The concussion was so great that stock was killed in a barn a thousand feet away. A great deal of damage was done in Oil City by the breaking of window glass, hardly a building in the city escaping the general wreck. Clocks were stopped and dishes hurled from cupboards.

Simon Pokagon, the chief of Pottawottomie tribe of Indians which inhabited northern Indiana when it was first settled by whites, will shortly receive for distribution among the people the sum of $200,000 from the government in full settlement of claims of that once powerful tribe. The distribution of this sum will probably take place at Pokagon, which town was named after Chief Pokagon's grandfather, who signed the treaty with General Cass in 1826, between his tribe and the Miamias.

The Altoona Tribune has no sympathy for professional tramp. It says: "The army of tramps which curses this country is largely the product of voluntary idleness, dissolute habits and devotion to drink. Here and there some unfortunates will always be found who are unable to find employment, but in a time of general industrial activity like the present few who deserve work need look for it in vain. Nine out of every ten of the idle people who are wandering about the country begging and stealing do not want to do anything to earn a living. They would much rather live off the industrious. To demand sympathy for these victims of their own indolence and depravity is absurd. They need justice rather than charity, hard labor rather than sympathy."

W. H. Harvey, who in March last murdered his wife and two daughters, was hanged at Guelph, Ontario, Friday morning. The execution was one of the worst pieces of bungling that was ever witnessed. The weight which lifted the body was not heavy enough and the scaffold was not high enough to give sufficient rebound to break the condemned man's neck, and his struggles and contortions as he was slowly strangled to death were frightful. To add to the horror of the hanging the knot slipped, and the gurgling in the man's throat as his life was being choked out could be heard outside the jail walls.

A little over a year ago Amos Ritchie, aged 60, moved to Denver, Col., with a son of 25 and a deaf and dumb daughter of 15 years. Three weeks ago mother and son went on a protracted debauch. The old lady not having been seen for several days, the landlord entered the house Tuesday night and found her dead body on the floor almost devoured by rats. The son was in an adjoining room in a beastly state of intoxication. Foul play is suspected.

A freak in the way of handwriting has just come under notice in England. A little girl of four years writes with her left hand and writes her words backwards, as they are reflected in a mirror from ordinary writing. Her friends have to read them by means of a looking-glass. The child was taught writing with a sister, but would do things her own way, with the result that she writes fluently in this fantastic style.

A terrible disease is killing many fish in the gulf of Mexico.

The weather is terrible cold in Mexico, and several persons have died from exposure.

Fifteen Connecticut postmasters were fined $110 each for selling postage stamps on credit in violation of the postal laws.

At Kalamazoo, Mich., Mrs. C. P. Mills, a clergyman's wife, gave morphine to her year-old baby and then cut her own throat. Both will die.

On Thanksgiving evening Mrs. Daniel Poetteger found a basket containing a babe and $50 bill on her front door steps. She has no idea who left her strange Thanksgiving gift there.

Harry B. Booper, aged 19 years, who lived near Lancaster and was employed as a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was thrown from the roof of a freight car by being struck by a bridge near Philadelphia, Sunday, and run over, receiving fatal injuries.

Last year the number of cigars made in the United States was 3,867,385,640, and of cigarettes 2,151,515,630, a large increase over the product of the year previous. This, too, despite the desperate efforts made by men and organizations to lessen the consumption.

Florida will soon be the greatest lemon growing country in the world. Lemons weighing a pound each are common in Florida, and along the banks of Caloosahatchie there is a single tree which bears 5,000 lemons, many of which weigh a pound each.

News has been received of a terrible disaster at Weenhlen City, in the province of Shortung, China, where a platform, which had been erected to accommodate spectators at a theatrical display suddenly collapsed. The number persons killed is estimated at two hundred.

By eating canned corn put up by a process in which salocylic acid was used a three-year-old child of Enos Griffith, of Charlestown township, Chester county, died Monday. Some of the corn was afterwards fed to the chickens and twelve of them died.

Tom Thompson, an Indian, inflicted a murderous blow on Medicine Bird's head at Chamberlain, S. D. Trouble is feared, as there is an intense feeling between friends of the two parties.

Peter Uhl, of Canton, O., fell asleep on a sofa early Wednesday morning while smoking a cigar. The cigar ignited some paper and his ten-year-old son died from suffocation, and the father and two younger children are in a critical condition.

A resident of Murfreesboro, Tenn., presented a ticket issued in 1855 on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad the other day and rode in a palace car on the same bit of paste-board that would have secured him passage in one of the clumsy coaches of thirty-four years ago.

A Russian girl, eleven years old and six feet eight inches in height, is being exhibited in London. She grows an inch every two months, is awkward and shy, plays diligently with her dolls, is good and affectionate, but is given a bad character for obstinacy by her uncle, who has charge of her.

John Chana, a hopeless paralytic, was found hanging to a bed post at Pottstown last week. His wife and her paramour have been arrested for the deed.—It is said that one day Chana cursed his Creator in a most terrible manner, when he fell over, struck dumb and paralyzed from head to foot. He remained in this condition until his death.

We do job work of all kinds cheap and at the shortest notice.

News has been received at San Francisco of the wreck, off the coast of Japan, of the American bark Cheseborough. Out of a crew of twenty-three only four were saved.

A PLAIN FACT

Have you pain in the small of the back or hips, sharp pain up the back, at times pain in the head, dizziness, glimmering before the eyes, at times difficult to urinate, at times too free, too clear? If so, remember these are symptoms of Bright's Disease, which can be cured in its first stages, but do not wait until then. Go to J. W. Barnitz's drug store and ask for a free sample bottle of Dr. Burdick's Kidney Cure, which will convince you, Large size, 75c. One bottle lasts two weeks. This is a positive cure for all Kidney or Liver trouble, with a guaranteed sale.

For coughs, colds, sore or weak throats, ask for a free sample of Jackson's Magnum Bonum Cough Syrup, the great throat healer. Large size, 25 cents. Sold by J. W. Barnitz, New Oxford. Sample free.

Prof. Loisette's

MEMORY

DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

In spite of adulterated imitations which miss the theory, and practical results of the Original, in spite of the grossest misrepresentations by envious would-be competitors, and in spite of "base attempts to rob" him of the fruit of his labors, (all of which demonstrate the undoubted superiority and popularity of his teaching), Prof. Loisette's Art of Never Forgetting is recognized to-day in both Hemispheres as marking an Epoch in Memory Culture. His Prospectus (sent post free) gives opinions of people in all parts of the globe who have actually studied his System by correspondence, showing that his System is *used only while being studied, not afterwards;* that *any book can be learned in a single reading, mind-wandering cured, &c.* For Prospectus, Terms and Testimonials address

Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

FIRST-CLASS

Blacksmith Stand and Dwelling House

FOR SALE OR RENT!

The undersigned offers his desirable Blacksmith Stand and Dwelling House, situate on High Street, in the Borough of New Oxford, for sale or rent. For further particulars call on or address

J. S. WEAVER,
New Oxford, Pa.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—IN—

RUBBER BOOTS!

The best Boston rubber boots for men at $2.70, for boys at $2.25. Every pair guaranteed. D. MYERS,
Reliable Shoe Dealer, Hanover, Pa.

Important Notice.

All persons having in their possession any Beer, Pop or Ginger Ale Bottles or Beer Cases belonging to the undersigned, are hereby notified to return them within the next thirty days or they will be dealt with according to law. A record has been kept of their whereabouts, and a failure to comply with this notice on the part of those having either Bottles or Beer Cases, will be followed by a suit for their recovery. AMBROSE SCHMIDT, Bottler.
122 Abbottstown Street, Hanover, Pa

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that all the personal property now in possession of JOHN C. CASHMAN, living in Hamilton township Adams Co., Pa., (on Myers Heirs' farm,) has been purchased and paid for by the undersigned, who is the exclusive owner of the same, as well as the undivided half of growing crop of grain, &c., and all persons are hereby notified not to deal for the same in any way.
CLINTON A. CASHMAN.

Notice to Trespassers.

The undersigned, residing in Oxford township, hereby notifies all persons not to trespass upon his property for any purpose whatever, as any person so offending will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
JACOB SMITH.

BETHANY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

GETTYSBURG, PA.

The Second Annual Session of this School will begin Sept 16th. Boarding and Day Pupils provided for. Terms reasonable. Address
REV. T. P. EGE, A. M.,
or HON. WM. McCLEAN.

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—FASHIONABLE—

BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER

Shampooning and dyeing done in the finest styles. Razors honed and put in order at lowest rates. Saloon next door to the ITEM office Centre Square, NEW OXFORD, PA

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E. G. LOUGH,

Opposite the German Reformed Church,

NEW OXFORD, - - PENN'A

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the latest styles, and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty. Persons wishing anything in his line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere. 23apr80-1y.

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WANTED

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and expenses paid to successful men. Apply at once, stating age. Mention this paper.
CHASE BROS. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Auctioneering.

George L. Colestock

Offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. P. O. address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Great Overcoat Sale!

350 OVERCOATS

FOR MEN AND BOYS

at one-half their original price.

Call on

D. MYERS, The Reliable CLOTHIER.

Andrew Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, next to Shirk's Hardware, HANOVER, PA

SOMETHING NEW!

You may wonder what it is, and we will tell you. It is entirely new to us, but it may not be to you, so here goes: I have bought the stock of Groceries, &c., of P. J. Noel, and will continue the Grocery business in the room formerly occupied by him, (Cor. Centre Square and Hanover street, New Oxford, Pa.) I will keep on hand always a full, fresh and clean stock, and will keep my prices as near the living profit as possible, thereby hoping to a liberal share of public patronage.

New goods are coming in every day, and by the time you read this my stock will be complete, and I extend to you a special invitation to call and see me.

P. S.—I have removed my stock of Novels, Small Musical Instruments, Musical Toys, &c., to the new room, but will keep the Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, &c., in the Music Store, on Hanover street.

Respectfully,

O. A. SMITH,
Successor to P. J. Noel.

VICTORY!

Now, at first glance you may think our rooster is crowing over the recent Democatic victories, but he isn't. He is crowing over the big stock of Overcoats that Sheely & Bro. are selling at very low prices, considering the style and quality.

Call to see them at

THE LEADING OVERCOAT STORE,

Miller's Building, New Oxford.

HERE WE ARE

To again give the people of Hanover and vicinity some good Bargains in Boots and Shoes for ladies, men, boys and children.

$1 will buy a psir of ladies' fine kid button shoes, all solid leather.

$1 will secure you a pair of ladies' grain button shoes.

$1.25 This is our regular $1.75 ladies' pebble grain button shoe

$1.50 Te surprise of the town, a Dongola pat. leather tip but. shoe.

$1.75 will buy for you a fine Dongola button shoe, worth $2.50.

$2 A hand welt fine Dongola button shoe worth $3,00.

Next comes our strictly hand-made ladies' button shoes from $2.50 to $5, all big bargains, and can't be bought anywhere else for that money.

Men's best Boston Rubber Boots at $2.70. Boys' best Boston rubber boots at $2.25. Every pair guaranteed. Rubbers of all description at lowest prices.

D. MYERS,

At And'w Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand
Broadway, Hanover, Pa.

NOTICE.

ANDREW I. SMITH'S ESTATE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Andrew I. Smith, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, they hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
MRS. JOSEPHINE C. SMITH.
EMANUEL SMITH.

Subscribe for the ITEM, only $1.

FRESH OYSTERS

at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

A big lot of fine

Aspinwall Bananas

at the Red Front Grocery.

CHOCOLATE & VANILLA

ICE CREAM

at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

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PRODUCE!

The undersigned, having leased the Brick Warehouse on Hanover street, New Oxford Pa., will buy and sell all kinds of Grain and Country Produce, such as

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats
Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,
Chop, &c., &c.;

also the best brands of

Roller & Country Flour,

AND COARSE AND FINE SALT.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a trial. A liberal share of public patronage solicited. FREE DELIVERY anywhere in the borough. Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday noon for Baltimore. Returning, leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with me will receive prompt attention.
ma87.] Z. H. CASHMAN.

25,000 CARPENTERS now use our SAW FILER to file all kinds of saws so that they will cut better than ever. Price, $2.50 Circulars and prices to agents. Address,
E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.
14apr82ly.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

POLISHING HARDWOOD FLOORS.

To make a good polishing mixture put into a bowl three-quarters of a pound of yellow beeswax, two ounces of powdered rosin and a half pint of turpentine. Stand this bowl in a good-sized basin of hot water and stir the mixture over the fire until thoroughly amalgamated. Remember that the ingredients are very inflammable, and you must be exceedingly careful or they will take fire; the large basin of water is to guard against this. Keep your bowl in the center. Stand the polish aside to cool, and, if when cool it is thicker than cosmoline, add a little more turpentine until it reaches that consistency. Now for the application. See that the floor is perfectly free from dust and dry, then apply a small quantity of the polish with a soft piece of flannel or woolen cloth, rubbing it in well with the grain of the wood. After the whole floor has been treated thus, polish well by hard rubbing with a polish brush. Then, with a piece of soft green baize, give a light, final polish. A floor thus treated will keep in good condition for three or four weeks, providing the polishing brush is used twice a week.

Softwood stained floors are best sized and varnished.—*Yankee Blade.*

THRIFT IN SMALL THINGS.

The value of petty savings cannot be too highly estimated. The conscientious habit of saving everything that can be turned to any account, fitting the object, however small, into its right place, is a habit in itself enough to insure thrift. There are so many things about the household which are thrown aside which by careful thought may be turned to use. Wise providers buy only goods of genuine value which may be used to the last shred. This is true of market-buying, of shopping of everything that may be purchased. There is a good brand of flour and a make-shift brand; a cloth firm and well made of wool, and a cloth to take its place, cheap and flimsy, of cotton wool. In all these cases the genuine cloth is the cheapest in the end; the good brand flour will give the best and most nourishing bread. The well-made cloth may be washed or cleansed again and again, and be made over until nothing is left of it. A great deal may be saved even in buttons, thread and pins and needles, little minutiae of which we seldom think. It is in the sedulous care that every article shall be used, that every bit of cloth shall be turned and made over till it has passed usefulness, that consists the chance of the average family for an orderly well-fed well-clothed home. Lavishness is the worst of providers. It is the systematic, steady hand, careful of minutiae, that provides a home and table where genuine comfort and good cheer prevail. Simple spending of money cannot accomplish the same result that care can. The children of poor men, brought up to habits of thrift, usually enjoy more actual luxury than the children of a spendthrift, who varies from feast to famine, from rags to velvet with the regularity of a clock pendulum. Extravagance should be looked upon as a sin, a trust to use honestly the goods God has given us, not considered in the light, trivial way it is, as something the individual alone would suffer from.—*New York Tribune.*

RECIPES.

Lemon Pie—Juice and grated rind of four lemons, four beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of sugar; bake with an under crust only.

Wheat Gems—One pint of flour, one pint of milk, three eggs, one teaspoon of baking powder, twelve teaspoons of salt; bake in gem pans in a hot oven.

Boiled Cauliflower—Remove the green leaves, open the flower a little in places and let stand, head down, in salt water for two hours, put into boiling water and boil twenty minutes; take up, drain, put in a dish, season and pour over drawn butter.

Lamb Scallop—One cup of cold lamb chopped fine, one cup of stewed tomatoes, one cup of fine bread crumbs; arrange all in layers in a buttered dish, having the crumbs at the top; season with salt and pepper, put bits of butter on top and bake.

Apple Batter Pudding—Pare and core six ripe apples, place in a dish; make a batter of one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt, pour over the apples; bake half an hour. To be eaten with sauce or sweetened cream.

Ginger Snaps—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of lard, one cup of molasses, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, ginger, cloves and baking powder, one-half cup of water; flour enough to make a stiff dough; roll them out in round cakes and bake quickly.

Apple Charlotte—Two pounds of apples, pared and cored; slice them into a pan, add one pound of sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the rind of one grated; boil all together until it becomes thick, which it will do in about two hours, turn it into a mould; serve cold, with either a rich custard or cream.

Cucumber Pickles—Three dozen good-sized cucumbers, pared and sliced very thin. One dozen onions, chopped fine. Mix and add half pint salt. Let them stand over night, then squeeze out the brine and add one quarter of a pound of white mustard seed, and cloves and cinnamon, if liked. One ounce black pepper and cover with cold vinegar

Siegfried Wagner, only son of the composer, is about to enter the Raff Conservatory of Music at Frankfort. He is 18 years old and his object is not so much to get a professional education as to gratify his mother's wish that he should study under Herr Humperdinck the works of Wagner and other dramatic composers, in order to be able in course of time to superintend the festivals at Bayreuth.

THE man who has succeeded in finding the way to the pocket in one of his wife's dresses hanging on the nail in the chamber closet knows pretty well how Columbus felt when he had just discovered America.

CRYOLITE, for making candles, is brought from Greenland, where important and little known mining operations are carried on.

"O to be dead and done with trouble
That fills each day with a dreary pain."
This is the moan of many a woman
Who thinks she can never be well again.
"It were better for me and better for others
If I were dead," and their tears fall fast.
Not so, not so, O wives and mothers.

There's a bow of hope in the sky at last, and it tells you that the storm of disease which has spread its shadow over you will give way to the sunshine of renewed health, if you are wise, and try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It can and will effectually cure all female weaknesses and derangements, and no woman who has not tried it need despair, for a trial will convince her that it is the very thing she needs to restore her to the health she fears forever lost.

To cleanse the stomach, liver and system generally, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25 cents.

Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, is about to set out for the North Pole.

If you have ever used Dobbins's Electric during the 24 years it has been sold, you *know* that it is the best and purest family soap made. If you haven't tried it, ask your grocer for it *now*. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

The richest maiden in California is Miss Jennie Flood.

A Weekly Magazine

Is really what THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is. It publishes each year as much matter as the four-dollar monthlies, and is illustrated by the same artists. It is an educator in every home, and always an entertaining and wholesome companion. It has a unique place in American family life. If you do not know it, you will be surprised to see how much can be given for the small sum of $1.75 a year. The price sent now will entitle you to the paper to January, 1891. Address,

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

$5000 for a Wife.

One of the greatest stories (founded on fact) ever published, commences in the December (X-mas) number of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, published at Philadelphia. Every woman should read it. Ready Nov. 15. All Newsdealers.

San Francisco has a home for girls out of work, started by Mrs. Crocker.

Danger from Catarrh

Catarrh is an exceedingly disagreeable disease, its varied symptoms—discharge at the nose, bad breath, pain between the eyes, coughing, choking sensation, ringing noises in the ears, etc.—being not only troublesome to the sufferer, but offensive to others. *Catarrh is also dangerous*, because it may lead to bronchitis or consumption. Being a blood disease, the true method of cure is to purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For several years I had been troubled with a kind of asthma or catarrh in my throat. My wife wanted me to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I must say I was very much benefited by using it and would recommend it very highly."—ELIAS P. DEVRIES, Omaha, Neb.

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For Scrofulous Affections.
For Anæmia and Debility.
For Coughs, Colds & Throat Affections.

In fact, ALL diseases where there is an inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.

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STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The national silver convention will meet at St. Louis November 26.

There Is a Time to Dance,

According to St. Paul, and a time to pray; a time to work and a time to play. Fortunate is that person who does the right thing at the right time. Success will crown all his efforts, and he will end his days in happiness. Such a person is he who keeps his system oiled up in summer with Pe-ru-na the matchless Tonic. When the thermometer is standing at 90 degrees in the shade, and you can almost feel your stamina oozing out of you, then is the time to take something that will vitalize your blood, build up your wasting tissues, and put new energy into your body. Pe-ru-na will do this. It acts like a charm, so prompt and effective is it. It not only gives renewed vitality and vigor, but it is a splendid cure for all Lung Troubles, Fevers, Diseases of the Heart and Stomach, Colic and Diarrhoea, Kidney and all Female Diseases. Now is the time to take it. Give it a trial. To regulate your Bowels, Man-a-lin is superb.

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Swift's Specific cured me of terrible Tetter, from which I had suffered for twenty long years. I have now been entirely well for five years, and no sign of any return of the disease.

Rogers, Ark., May 1, 1889. W. H. WIGHT.

One bottle of S. S. S. cured my son of boils and risings, which resulted from malarial poison, and affected him all the summer. He had treatment from five doctors, who failed to benefit him.

Cavanal, Indian Ter. J. B. WISE.

I have taken Swift's Specific for secondary blood poison, and derived great benefit. It acts much better than potash, or any other remedy that I have ever used. B. F. WINGFIELD, M. D., Richmond, Va.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

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JONES HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. 5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for $60. Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

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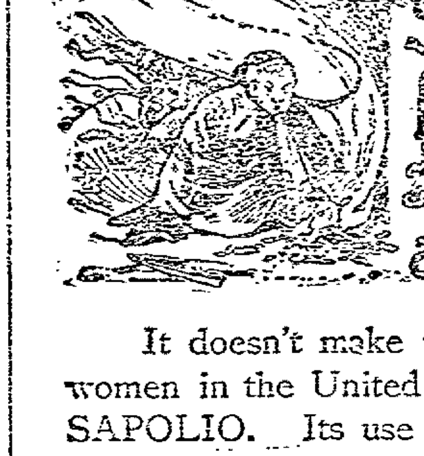

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JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest lable or card to the largest hand-bill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

OFFICE on Centre Square, near Noel's grocery.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 6, 1889.

PAY UP.

Persons indebted to this office are requested to settle their accounts, many of which have been long over due, as we have pressing need of the money.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Last month of 1889.

Mend up the old resolutions.

There are still some unharmed rabbits left in the county.

The new Board of Directors of the Poor organized Tuesday.

Cristmas is coming along at the rate of seven days a week.

There is some talk of erecting a methodist church at Orrtanna.

Don't forget that money can be saved by sending your job printing to the ITEM office.

Mr. Joseph Good, of Oxford township, killed a hog a few days ago that weighed 400 pounds.

As the holidays approach shooting matches and turkey raffles will become more numerous.

Last Sunday was the first Sunday in Advent, and the occasion was duly celebrated in the churches.

New Oxford Sunday School of the Lutheran church is arranging for a grand Christmas entertainment.

Messrs. Walter and William Settle are putting up a warehouse at Seven Stars, where the railroad crosses the pike.

Mr. David Sherman, of Philadelphia street has been quite ill for months past, from inflammatory rheumatism.

James McKenrick, of Buchanan Valley, shot a large wild cat off a tree a few days ago. He received $2 for the scalp.

Ease the babe (from one day old or more) from pain, by using Victor Infants' Relief. Absolutely guaranteed—Harmless.

While Mrs. John King, of York, was milking a cow Saturday morning she fell over dead. She was about 50 years of age.

Mr. Peter Feiser is improving his furniture rooms, next to the public school house, by adding another story to the building.

The store of S. K. Diehl & Bro., at Seitzland, York county, was robbed of goods to the amount of $100 or more, one night last week.

Samuel Ditzler, Sr., of Hamilton township, killed three hogs the other day, weighing 451¼, 424¼ and 388½ pounds respectively.

Geo. A. Trimmer has sold his hardware store in York Springs to W. A. Bream, groceryman, the change of ownership to take place on January 1st.

Three men in Penn township are above the average height of man. One is 6 feet 5 inches tall, another 6 feet 4 inches and the third 6 feet 3 inches.—Citizen.

There are many men of a superstitious turn of mind who will not pay bills on Monday. There are also many others whose superstitions extend over the whole week.

John H. Rosensteel, ticket and freight agent at Emmitsburg, Md., whilst assisting in shifting cars on Monday, was thrown against a wheel and broke his collar bone.

The Hagerstown News says the skeleton of an Indian was discovered on the Weaver farm that county recently, which in life, must have had the frame of a giant ten feet high.

Sunday afternoon several children were playing about the G. & H. railroad turn-table, Gettysburg, when Maud, a 12-year-old daughter of Engineer Samuel Weiser, had her right foot caught by the heavy table and the flesh badly torn on both sides.

J. F. Slaybaugh, of Huntington township, raised off of five eighths of an acre of land, 83 bushels of Irish and 31 bushels of sweet potatoes.

We can safely recommend our readers to use Red Cloud Liver Berries for dyspepsia, biliousness, torpid liver and diseases of the liver, kidneys and bowels. Trial package free at druggists.

The York Dispatch, now printed on a double-cylinder Hoe press, and from new type, looks as bright as a maiden in her teens. We enjoy reading the dispatch, and suppose everybody else does.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—Are you dyspeptic or a sufferer with biliousness, sick or nervous headache, and have failed to get relief, if so, try Red Cloud Liver Berries. Trial package free at all druggists. 25 doses, 25 cents.

Among the Pennsylvanians who have passed the civil service examination for positions in the railway mail service, and whose name is on the list of eligibles with a percentage of 84, is W. D. Kugler, of Fairfield.

Prof. Loisette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

A little son of Henry Moul, York, was shot in the head by an air gun, in the hands of a boy named John Eyster, a few days ago The ball entered the head just above the left eye, but was extracted, and will not cause much damage.

We learn that the Highland township school board has $12.25 to pay, under the act of May 15, 1889, for the destruction of sheep by dogs. It seems that on election night Wm. M. Bigham and Daniel Beard had three fine sheep killed, and that the above mentioned penalty is the result.

One day last week, Mr. John Wagaman, of Cashtown, had a very fine heifer killed by some one in the mountain, about a mile from his house, for beef. The heart, liver and about one half of the beef was carried off. The animal would have cleaned about 300 pounds.

James Bowers, who resided in Gettysburg last summer, was found dead in bed at his residence in Frederick, last Tuesday morning. He was 64 years old and served as a soldier in the Mexican and late wars. His wife died at Montevue only a short time ago.

A son of Kilgore Walton, of Goldsboro, York county, aged about 13, received a load of shot in his leg and thigh last Thursday afternoon, at York Haven. The lad was out gunning, and slipped off a log the hammer of his gun striking the log discharged it, causing a serious wound.

On Thursday Clinton and Herman sons of John A. Bream, of Butler township, undertook to drive an unbroken colt and in consequence of the lines break, the colt got away, wrecking the buggy and throwing the boys into the creek and running home. Neither the boys nor colt were injured.

A GREAT BATTLE is constantly going on in the human system when you suffer with consumption, coughs or colds they strive to ruin health and drag victims to the grave, take timely warning and use Puritan cough and consumption cure. Price 25 cents.

Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator is a sure cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion and all kidney complaints. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's drug store.

Mr. Geo. Sell says that while returning to his home at a late hour Saturday night he was attacked by three men when on the plum creek bridge. He was taken by surprise, but drew his revolver as the parties closed in on him. He says he struck one man in the face with the butt of the revolver, knocked another down, and the third ran for his life, he (Mr. Sell) shooting after him. George says his pistol, his hand and part of his clothing were splattered with blood, and he thinks he must surely have wounded his assailants. All escaped without recognition.—Hanover Citizen.

Mr. Leander Yeagy, of near Plainview, met with a painful accident one day accident one day recently that might have had a fatal termination. He was engaged in threshing, and in jumping from the horse power to fix something, his heel caught in some manner to the driving rod, and then his trousers and that article of apparel was litterally torn from his person and it was all he could do to save himself from being wrapped around the rod. In tearing himself loose he fell heavily across the rod, striking his right side and sustaining painful injuries.

The Theological Seminary at Gettysburg has 54 students—the largest number in its history. All but seven are graduates of colleges, representing Pennsylvania, Roanoke, Lafayette, Wittenberg, and Mt. Union. Eight are married.—Star.

It is said that a York county farmer named Miller, residing along the Short Line Railroad, has sued the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for $1200 damages, because of injury to his land from water that is retarded in its flow by reason of the embankment through his farm on which the roadbed rests. He claims that one entire field of grain was overflowed and washed out during the recent heavy rains.

The following item was published in the Baltimore Sun of Friday. The name G. W. Schæffer is a ficticious one, and the man using it is no other than Otis G. Bachman, who is well—if not very favorably—known in this locality: "Rev. E. R. Dietrich, pastor of the Reformed church at Woodberry, came to the central station and told the story of a smooth-tongued young fellow who had obtained small sums of money from different ministers in this city by means of false pretenses. Mr. Dietrich said that several days ago the man came to the parsonage, at 116 Third street, and introduced himself as G. W. Schæffer. He said he came from Johnstown where he had lost everything in the flood, and that he was a member of the Johnstown Reformed church. He asked Mr. Dietrich for assistance. The man had a young girl with him, whom he introduced as his wife. The minister gave the man $5. Shortly afterward, however, he heard that the man obtained a similar amount from Rev. M. L. Firor, of St. Paul's Reformed church; then he thought it was time to notify the police. It is stated that the supposed wife of the Johnstown sufferer was a runaway girl named Wyville, from Arendtsville, Pa. Her father came to this city about a week ago, but she refused to return home with him."

Changed Hands.

On Monday the stock of groceries, notions, &c., belonging to Mr. P. J. Noel was purchased by Mr. O. A. Smith, who will continue the grocery business at the stand occupied by Mr. Noel, Cor. Square and Hanover St. In his advertisement in to-day's paper Mr. Smith says he intends keeping his prices as near the living profit as possible, and we have no doubt that he means what he says; however a call will satisfy the public on that point. Mr. Smith has removed his stock of musical instruments, musical toys, novels, &c., from his room on Hanover street, to his new location and will keep them in stock in connection with his grocery, but will carry a stock of pianos, organs, and sewing machines at his former location, during the winter.

Assailed by Roughs.

Saturday night a week, Mr. Joseph Raber, of Conowago township, while visiting Hanover, was attacked by a gang of drunken roughs, with the evident purpose of robbery. Mr. Raber made a stout resistance and after a severe struggle with the ruffians, succeeded in beating them off, receiving a painful injury to one of his hands. He thinks that several of his assailants must have been pretty badly used up, as he wielded with good effect a stout fence picket upon them.

A Grand Serenade.

Last Saturday night the Hampton Cornet Band serenaded Mr. J. Frank Lerew and wife, of Bermudian, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kinter. On arriving there they the Band was invited into the house to partake of refreshments, which were served in a bounteous style by the congenial host, (he was formerly a member of the Band. We all greatly enjoyed our trip, for such unprecedented hospitality we seldom meet with. After a merry hand shaking and congratulations the band took its departure. A MEMBER.

From Arendtsville.

Last week, Edgar, son of Chas. McDaniel, was in the woods with his brother who was hauling wood. He climbed upon the wagon, his brother not knowing it, the horse was started and Edgar was thrown at his heels. Fortunately he was not seriously injured.

Sunday evening as the sexton of the Reformed congregation was lighting the chandeliers one of them fell and was broken to pieces. The matting and one of the pews quickly ignited but for the help of some near neighbors much more damage might have been done. Loss about $100.

Council Proceepings.

Council met Tuesday evening, December 3d, with Burgess Diehl in the chair; all members present. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The street committee reported that on account of the continued wet weather, no work could be done of much account. The committee reported that work on High street extension needed attention and would be attended to as soon as the weather would permit. They also reported that other places were in need of repairs which would be done at the earliest possible date.

The committee on town property and ways and means stated that arrangements had been made for paving stone, but could not be had on account of the bad roads, that in attempting to haul out material to be loaded, it was utterly impossible to do so, when on motion the committee was continued, and likewise on posts for the circle.

The walks through the square was discussed, as to the best mode to fix them, when on motion, the Burgess was requested to secure material to fill up the low places, for the present.

Objections was made in regard to a tree on pavement of Mrs. Shutt on High street, leaving very little space for passing, when on motion, Mr. A. Sheely be requested to see Mrs. S. in regard to its removal.

James A. Sadler asked for $60 on account for services rendered as lamp lighting. It was granted with the understanding that Mr. Sadler must light the lamps on all dark or cloudy nights, giving his personal attention to it, and especially have the lights burning on Sunday evenings until after the church services are over, should there be no bright moon light night.

Bills to the amount of $100.29 were presented and orders granted for the same.

On motion, adjourned to meet the first Tuesday of January at 6½ o'clock.

Attest, JOS. S. GITT, Sec'y.

From East Berlin.

Last Tuesday evening, while some of our young folks were enjoying themselves at a ball held in Baker's Hall, this place, some villian fired the building. Pieces of cloth saturated with coal oil were placed under the weatherboarding and burning a place about 10 inches square. Charred pieces of cloth were found next morning by Mr. Baker, who has a clue to the miscreant and is assiduously working it up.

On last Tuesday about noon, Mr. Daniel Hoover, a resident of Reading township, died suddenly of apoplexy. Not feeling well he had gone to the barn and hitched his horse to the buggy for the purpose of going to consult a physician. He went into the kitchen for the cushions to the buggy, and walked through to the back porch where he dropped over, and before any of the neighbors could be summoned was a corpse.

Last week while Aaron Jacobs was out gunning, he saw a red rabbit and chased it into a stone pile and dug it out and now has it on exhibition.

The Ladies' Mite Society cleared about $55 with their supper last week.

We hear of petty thieving going on in the community. On last Thursday night some one entered the cellar of Wm. Sunday and took bread, cakes, pies and a keg of rum.

From Abbottstown.

A gang of thieves made an extensive raid on cellars and smoke-houses in our town, last Sunday night. They visited five different places, carrying away small lots of eatables, wearing apparel and household utensils.

On last Tuesday, while Mr. J. B. Hoff, huckster, of this place, was attempting to load a hog just killed, his horses ran away, losing the hind part of the wagon and throwing the butter and eggs out on the ground, breaking about 50 dozen of eggs. The horses ran about three-fourths of a mile before they were caught. Besides the breaking of the eggs, the damage was slight.

The tramps are again beginning to take possession of the Pine Run school house, during the nights. It is both unpleasant and unsafe for the pupils to go there, on account of the dirt, filth, smoke and vermin left there by the tramps. The authorities have put up printed notices, and will arrest all tramps found loafing about the school house.

Warehouse Sold.

J. C. Neely, Esq., assignee of H. J. Myers, this week sold the warehouse property on Pitt street, to Mr. A. Sheely for $3,100. Mr. Sheely will continue the business.

The Fulton Democrat of last week says that land turtles are now shipped from that county to certain eating houses in Philadelphia at $7 a dozen. They are regarded as a great delicacy.

From Sell's Station.

Mrs. Samuel Grove, of near here, has in her possession a handkerchief which is 102 years old. It was formerly the property of her grandfather.

There seems to be an epidemic among the hogs in this section, which affects their spine and renders them unable to walk or stand on their hind feet.

Mr. Nicholas Gebhart lost a fine cow recently under peculiar circumstances. She put her head through between the rack and trough thereby gaining access to a heap of turnips, and ate so many that she died from the effects.

Mr. Samuel Basehoar, lost a valuable horse last week, from inflammation of the lungs.

Charles Kindig will move to McSherrystown next spring, to engage in the manufacture of cigar boxes.

The farmers of Union twp., have reorganized their Mutual Cattle Insurance Co., for the benefit of cattle feeders.

MARRIED.

Nov. 27, by Rev. D. N. Ditmar, Mr. Milton Hesson, of Littlestown, to Miss Mollie A. Decker, of Westminster.

Nov. 22, by Rev. Kautz, James B. Sheaffer, of Carlisle, to Alice M. Wolf, of Idaville.

Nov. 28, by Rev. J. Trostle, Mr. H. W. Weaver to Miss Laura A. Pfout, both of this county.

Nov. 28, by Rev. H. C. Shindle, Mr. Geo. W. Staley, of Butler, to Miss Flora Fidler, of Tyrone twp.

Dec. 1st, by the same, Mr. Abram Flohr to Miss Agnes E. Trimmer, both of New Chester.

DIED.

Deaths free,—tributes, verses, &c., 5 cents a line.

Nov. 28, near Cashtown, Mrs. Catharine Sharrah, aged 57 years, 7 months and 2 days.

Nov. 27, in Huntington twp., Mr. John Helsel, aged 79 years, 11 months and 17 days.

Nov. 25, in Tyrone twp., Miss Mary E. Camplain, aged 27 years, 6 months and 22 days.

Dec. 1, in Gettysburg, Wm. J. Cook, aged 18 years, 4 months and 3 days.

Nine persons were injured in a train wreck at Greensburg, Wednesday.

A baby three months old was suffocated by a cat lying on its mouth and nose in Berks county last Thursday.

A number of workmen were struck by a train at Wilkesbarre Wednesday morning, and four killed and a number injured.

"Whisky Jack," of Williamsport, who was about to receive $1500 in pensions, is dead and a veil of mystery surrounds his demise.

The three-story brick dwelling house of the Wonderly heirs, near New Kingston, Cumberland county, was destroyed by fire Tuesday. Loss, $4,000.

John Schroffman, a traveling musician, was struck and instantly killed by a passenger train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad near Hazleton late Tuesday night.

Monday morning, in Philadelphia, a three-story building burned and two mothers and five children perished in the flames, belonging to the Gustave Gross and Joseph Bitner families.

Collector S. M. Fridy announced the following appointments of deputy collectors last week:

For Franklin and Fulton counties—Hiram E. Wertz, of Quincy, Franklin county.

For York county—Henry K. Weiser, York, assistant inside deputy; R. Cornelius Liggitt, Fawn township; W. B. Young, Shrewsbury; Michael Smyser, York, and Captain John W. Minnich, Wrightsville, outside deputies.

For Cumberland and part of York—A. W. Plank, Churchtown, Cumberland county.

Jacob Krout, a farmer, of Bedminster township, Berks county, has just been convicted on a curious violation of the liquor laws. Some time ago workmen mending roads, under the direction of the district road supervisor, collected $1.50 among themselves and bought two gallons of domestic wine of Mr. Krout.

From the evidence it was plain that Mr. Krout was entirely innocent of any intention to violate the liquor law. Among the party who drank the wine was the constable of Bedminster township who afterwards returned the case to the present session of court as a violation of the laws. In charging the jury Judge Yerkes said that whether the defendant knew or did not know he was violating the liquor laws, he had a right to sell domestic wine, and was guilty under the late act of Assembly

The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 6, 1889.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.—Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfacty results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflammation, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Dicks's drug store.

The town of Keyport, N. J., was Friday morning visited by the worst fire in its history, entailing the loss of one and probably two lives, and destroying property to the extent of $75,000.

BLOOD VS. NERVES.—Great mistakes have been made in the world, by supposing many nervous troubles were due to bad blood. Thus headache, fits, dizziness, sleeplessness, etc., are always due to weakness or irritation of the nerves of the brain; dyspepsia, pain, wind, etc., to weakness of the nerves of the stomach; weak lungs is caused by weakness of the parts; biliousness, constipation, etc., to weakness of the nerves of the liver or bowels; pains, irregularity, sterility to derangement of the uterine nerves. For all weakness, Dr. Miles' great nerve and brain food surpasses all other remedies. Trial bottles free at Dicks' drug storo.

At Scranton, Michael Welch was arrested charged with appropriating to his own use money raised to pay his brother's funeral expenses. The money was raised by different societies and amounted to over $125.

MERIT WINS.—We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. J. W. Dicks, druggist.

Miss Essie Westmoreland, a young girl of sixteen, living in Davidson county, S. C., committed suicide on Saturday night because her parents, on account of her youth, refused their consent to her marriage. When they told her she must wait four years she slipped into the yard and strangled herself.

DROPPED DEAD.—Physiologists estimate that the heart does 5,000,000 pounds of work each day. No wonder people drop dead with worn out hearts. This could be prevented by Dr. Miles' new and great discovery, the New Cure. Always commence when you first begin to get short of breath, have weak, faint or smothering spells, pain or tenderness in side, etc. Sold at Dicks'.

Frank McArthur jumped from an express train, near the Pawtuxent river, in Maryland, Sunday, and was killed. He had been in ill health for some time and was subject to delusions.

I HAD STONE IN THE BLADDER and my kidneys were affected. None of the means taken produced any benefit until I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. The pain ceased—the stone having been disolved by the action of the medicine. I am ready in public or in private to testify that my recovery is due to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. E. D. W. Parsons, Rochester.

Eleven tramps broke jail at New Castle, Del., by tunneling, making 30 who have escaped in that manner within a month.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Miss Mary Rankin died at her home near Sharon, Pa., last Thursday, aged 60. She had been confined to her bed over forty years. Her book, "A Daughter of Affliction," had a large sale in the United States, especially among invalids.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT.

It is not always convenient to call a Physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand, it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At J. W. Barnitz's Drug Store.

John Tugar killed his 15-year-old son, near Celina, Ohio, on Friday night and threw the corpse into a large bonfire. Fearing discovery, he then shot himself.

M. P.—A NEW DISCOVERY.—Weakened and deranged livers, stomachs and bowels should never be acted on by irritants like common pills, bran, etc.—Miles' Pills cures liver complaint, constipation, piles, etc., by a new method. Samples free at Dicks'.

MALARIA.

As an ant[illegible] DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE REMEDY

has won golden opinions. No traveler should consider his outfit complete [illegible] bottle of this medicine. [illegible]

Stone in the Kidney.

How it was Removed Without the Use of the Surgeon's Knife.

In the spring of [illegible] with sharp pains in the lower part of my back [illegible] region of the bladder. [illegible] urine, and a few weeks later I [illegible] of brown gravel. I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another [illegible]

Inflammation of the Bladder,

and another that I had a stone in my left kidney. For three months I was under the care of an eminent specialist at Albany, but constantly growing worse I gave up in despair and went home to die. Relatives heard of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and urged me to try it. Soon the medicine began to help me; the pain and distress lessened. In two months' time I left my bed, and in six or seven months I was robust and strong. A remedy which can do this for one so near death as I was should be known everywhere. I hope this statement will cause others afflicted as I was to find relief in the same source.—G. W. Brown, Petersburg, N. Y. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will cure Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, Debility of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidney and Bladder, when no other medicine or treatment has been of any benefit.

Favorite Remedy, Rondout,

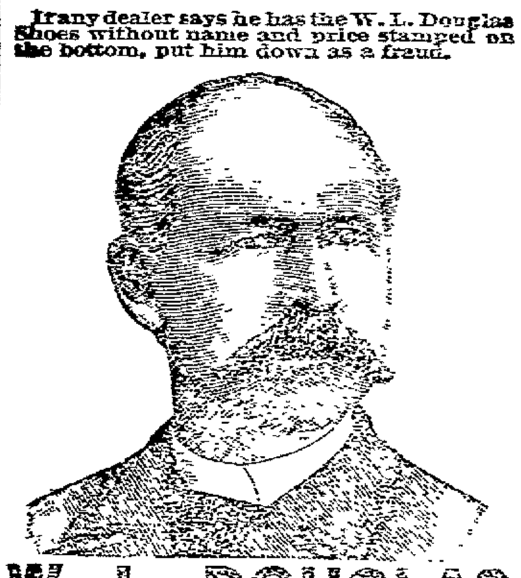
N. Y. Price One Dollar. Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

Prepared by DR. DAVID KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.

$1 per bottle Six for $5. By all druggists.

If any dealer says he has the W. L. Douglas Shoes without name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his
$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
$2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.

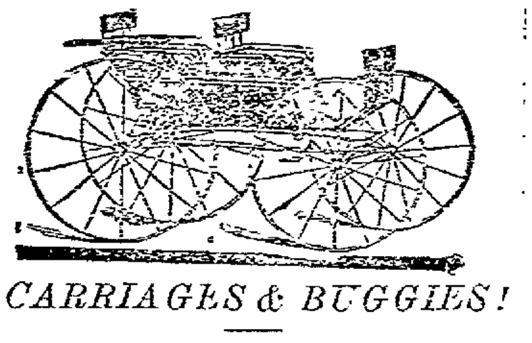
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.
If not sold by your dealer, write
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Examine W. L. Douglas' $2.00 Shoe for gentlemen and ladies. FOR SALE BY

SHEELY & BRO.,
NEW OXFORD, PA.



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Irishtown, Pa., dealer in
All kinds of Groceries,
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Spices.
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Dried Fruit: apples, peaches, prunes, blackberries, corn, currants, raisins, figs, dates, etc., etc.
Oranges, apples, rice, hominy, beans, corn starch, buckwheat flour, oat and corn meal.
feed, etc.
cheese. soaps.
A comic paper called Crack Shots given with every 10-cent plug of tobacco.
A full line of notions, queens and glassware, etc., for sale.

The Celebrated New Oxford

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Retailers and Families,

at the shortest notice with the best of Ice Cream well packed in ice. Give him a call before ordering elsewhere and learn his

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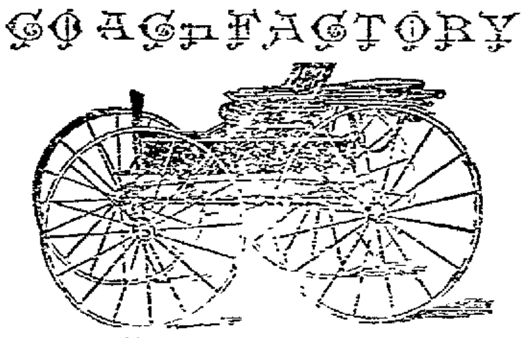
NEW OXFORD

COACH FACTORY



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Choice Famiy Roller & Burr Flour!

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We can show you
the assortment of ordinary city tores
and save you
from $1.00 to $5.00 on a garment.
Experienced ladies make a perfect fit
where the foam is a little off of perfect.

CHILDREN'S WRAPS!

G. W. WEAVER & SON,
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PALACE, LORING & BLAKE, ESTEY, SMITH'S AMERICAN, MASON & HAMLIN, WEAVER, COTAGE QUEEN, WILCOX & WHITE, BURDETTE, & NEW ENGLAND ORGANS.

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We sell on easy terms at a low figure, on installments or for cash.
We also trade on old pianos and organs.
Pianos and orans for rent by the month or year.
Every instrument fully warranted as represented.

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GITT'S OLD RELIABLE CORNER.

Special Inducements in

DRESS GOODS.

4-4 double width Tricot Cloth, all wool, at 21 cents a yard. 36-inch French Finish Tricot Cloth, all wool, at 45 cents a yard. 4-4 double width Plaids and Stripes, cloth at 25 cents a yard. 36-inch French Finish Plaids and Stripes, cloth, at 50 cents a yard. CASHMERES and HENRIETTAS in all colors and prices from 25c. a yard up to $1.00. BLACK GOODS. Cashmeres, Henriettas and Tricot Cloth. We have the most complete line of Black Goods that can be found anywhere, and will sell them at bottom prices. BLANKETS. Special Job Lot of only 100 pair. We will sell you a good pair of Gray Blankets, that will weigh two pounds, for the small sum of 75 cents a pair. CARPETS, we have the largest stock of Homemade Carpets to select from in Hanover. If you wish to buy a cheap and good Carpet, do not fail to call and examine our stock, for we are sure that we can suit you in pride and style. We also carry a large stock of BRUSSELS AND INGRAIN CARPETS, MATTINGS AND OIL-CLOTHS.

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Monuments, Tombstones, Lintels, Door Sills, &c., at Bargains.

My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick counties, Md., and Adams and York counties, Pa. I guarantee my prices and work to suit all persons making purchases from me. Call and examine and satisfy yourself. All orders promptly attended to. Work delivered free of charge. Yards on Frederick street, Littlestown, Pa.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Nevassa or Navaza is a small island of the Caribbean Sea, off the west coast of Hayti. It furnishes guano. It is owned by a Boston syndicate. The questions as to jurisdiction are now before the United States Attorney-General, and the place has just been made interesting by a guano labor strike and riots.

According to a Russian paper there are actually in Russia more than 500,000 beggars who carry on begging as a business with the indorsements of village, city and church authorities. Upward of 3200 of them are of noble blood; 3491 of the clerical calling, and 181,932 peasants. Moscow, of all Russian cities, contains the most beggars of noble origin.

The Mormons who expect to find an asylum in the Canadian Northwest where they may practice polygamy undisturbed will find, asserts the San Francisco *Chronicle*, that the Dominion authorities are not partial to any vagaries on the marriage relation. The "saints" would do better to strike for some South American country where the moral lines are not drawn so strictly.

Laborers digging a sewer at Ticonderoga, N. Y., found a stone under which was a partly decayed oaken coffin, containing a well-preserved skull and some bones. An inscription showed that this was the grave of that Lord George Howe, the English infantry officer, who fell before the French at Ticonderoga in July, 1758. Relic hunters were with difficulty prevented from taking pieces of the coffin before it could be put in a place of safety.

A vote was taken at the St. Louis Exposition on the national flower question, resulting in favor of the golden rod by a vote of 6347 to 4743 for the sunflower. Sixty-one different flowers were voted for, but those running the highest were; Rose, 3241; daisy, 1342; violet, 951; pansy, 842; lily, 741; tuberose, 643: pink, 556; morning glory, 451. The violets, pinks, pansies, daisies, and other modest flowers of beauty drew ballots largely from ladies.

The admirers of Prince Bismarck in Germany are developing plans to found a Bismarck museum in Berlin on the next birthday anniversary of the Chancellor. Collections have been made already and requests sent out for all relics pertaining to the Prince or his family. It will, in all probability, be arranged somewhat after the style of the well-known Hohenzollern museum, which is in one of the palaces of Frederick the Great. The Chancellor is flattered by the idea.

Colonel W. W. Rockhill, recently secretary of legation at Pekin, China, has returned to Washington after a journey through Thibet. He estimates the population of the country at 2,000,000, one-third of whom are lamas or priests, who practically monopolize education and wealth. There is a nominal King, beside the grand lama, but the country is governed by the Chinese minister and residents, and pays tribute to China. The country is poor and largely a wilderness

The controversy as to the island upon which Columbus first landed when he reached the New World and which he named San Salvador is likely to be reinvigorated by the coming celebration in honor of his great achievement. The New York *Sun* says the trouble is that "the hardy old mariner in his log book gave anything but definite and minute descriptions of the many islands he visited. His discovery of Cuba, the crowning achievement of his first voyage, distracted attention from the Bahamas. They were very little known for many years after Columbus discovered them, and were never correctly chartered until this century. Washington Irving made the long narrow island, now known as Cat Island, the scene of Columbus's first appearance in America. His theory was long ago discarded. Other students declared in favor of Grand Turk, Mayaguana, Samana, and one or two other islands, but serious flaws have been found in their arguments. The supposition advanced by Munoz nearly a century ago that the little Watling's Island lying under twenty-four degrees north latitude is Columbus's San Salvador best stands the test of investigation and recent geographers, by a comparison of the great discoverer's log-book with the correct charts of the Bahamas, are generally agreed that in all probability Watling's Island was the first bit of the New World visited by Columbus."

IN HOPE OF SPRING.

Above his rest deft autumn softly weaves
A coverlet to wrap the new grave in,
And broiders it with gold and scarlet leaves,
While spring's sweet mysteries of bloom begin
Beneath the mould o'er which the sore heart grieves
For hopes that perished, like a flower in frost—
A symbol that each passing season leaves,
To say: That is not dead which seemeth lost.

Cold, silent lips, which our warm lips have kissed,
Dear hands, whose touch can never be forgot,
Friendships that vanish like a summer mist,
We have you, and, behold, we have you not.
A lonesome shadow falls across the floor
From each low grave they heap beneath the sod
Where sleep the ones we miss; but evermore
We have them safe in Paradise, with God.

To me, it often seems that death must be
Like going on a journey, very far,
Across the mountain and the solemn sea,
To dwell in a new land where strangers are.
But if a friend is there we loved of old,
Our eager thoughts fly faster than our feet,
And when in ours their loving hands we hold,
The stranger land seems full of welcome sweet.

How fair his grave will be when spring comes back,
And from the mould that hides his face away,
The violets grow, and every robin's track
Is covered by the creeping things of May.
How fair his face will be when dreams come true,
And we stand face to face with him, and see
The rapture of a joy we never knew
Break in the eyes we miss so constantly.

Sleep well, warm heart, so brief a time on earth,
Beneath the dead leaves and the autumn rain;
That which men count as death, in heaven is birth;
Flowers die, we say, but bloom in spring again.
The violet, above you, in the mould,
Awaits the resurrection of the year,
And when its leaves, in April days, unfold,
We'll say: "He lives with God, who once was with us here."

—*Vick's Magazine.*

WILD OATS.

A light struck, like a knife, through the gloom. Then there was darkness again. A muffled cry. Then silence. In a moment the man removed his hand from the woman's mouth.

"Don't scream. I have no intention of hurting you. I am not here to steal; I am hiding. If you make a sound, if you alarm the house, I am a lost man."

Suddenly the moon, issuing from under a cloud, threw a pale beam over the place where they stood. The woman—she was only a pale, slight girl—could now see the intruder's face distinctly—a face haggard, determined, desperate. What intuition had made him speak as he had? At the supreme crisis of life there sometimes come these illuminations. He was an unknown man, fleeing for safety or for life and making his way by main force in the dead of night into the outskirts of a strange house. Yet all the girl said, after looking at him a moment, was:

"How did you get here?"

"I vaulted over the outer wall. I repeat that if you make a sound I am a lost man."

He made no other appeal to her; yet she continued motionless, not calling, only trembling a little from excitement.

"You can't hide here," she then said. "You will be found. You can go out of the house door if that will help you."

He did not answer and she turned mechanically to lead the way. The bar of moonlight accompanied them, piercing the interior of the dark, wide rooms. She moved noiselessly, a white, shadowy figure, and the man followed. She might be—she probably was—helping a felon to escape. The thought went through her brain. But she soundlessly drew aside the fastening of the heavy door. The night wind rushed in softly. The silver-tinted sea lay without, heaving, with long breaks, in sleep.

"There is the road to the open country," she said. It stretched away like a white ribbon, indefinitely, into the night.

Again he answered nothing. Only, as he passed through the door, he turned and looked at her.

* * * * * *

For days this tropic sea had been of a dense, deep, unchanging cobalt blue. Winds were light; the sky arched above like a dome of unclouded sapphire. To Rosalys the past and the future appeared alike to have become merged in a distant, soft, silver haze. But then this was natural. For Rosalys was to be married shortly after the vessel reached port. After spending two years in the Australian wilds she was returning home. And the man to whom she was to give herself was returning with her.

"It will seem strange to you—the life of civilization—after the other sort of life you led so long, and the freedom of it," she would say to him as they slowly paced the deck together under the luminous Southern stars that seemed to hang above them like golden lamps.

But Storrman never made any direct reply. He talked little, at any time, of his past. He acknowledged that he had been rather wild when he first took to the Australian bush. Perhaps that, she thought, was the reason for his reticence. In general he did not say much about himself. But his bold eyes looked down upon her tenderly, and he pressed her slender arm with a lover's passion. In truth, she had never seemed so lovely to him as in these days with the ocean winds in her pale gold hair and the infinite blue of sky and sea reflected in deeper shades under the long fringe of her dark lashes. And he said to himself that he loved her, loved her extremely. She was charming, and he saw no reason to regret that he had become engaged to her. She was rather poor, to be sure. But then he himself had enough for both. Let him only get full in the stream of civilized life again—a man's identity was never so lost as in a crowd—and with money and a pretty and winsome wife, what could he more desire? All those results appeared imminent now. He was conscious, as every day took them farther from one shore and nearer to another, that the sense of approaching a final goal brought a restless impatience with it. By heaven! It was a lucky day for a man, the day in which he felt that he had burned his ships behind him! Burned them so crisply to the last cinder that not the most spectral ghost could rise up from their ashes. Storrman did not expect to be troubled with spectres.

And yet he saw one.

It was late one afternoon on deck. A hot and heavy stillness had fallen over the sea. The evening sky had an almost ominous splendor and depth of blueness. The sunset had flamed itself away, leaving one crimson banner of cloud stretching upward like a pointing finger. Storrman was alone. He had wandered forward negligently among the second cabin passengers. And there, looking down, he came upon a partly recumbent figure turned motionless toward the sea. The man had drawn the cap low down over his eyes. What a resemblance!

The next instant he had glanced up. This was no simple resemblance. They looked at each other and neither moved for the space of a moment. Storrman was the first to unlock his dry lips.

"You are here? How——" his voice appeared to strangle in his throat.

The other had not changed color by a shade.

"You are surprised to see me," he said slowly. "Well, I suppose it is natural that you should be. It is exactly five years since we parted. The five years have made a difference, too." His dark eyes traveled leasurely over Storrman's appearance—an appearance faultless and immaculate, the appearance of the successful man of the world. Then with a cynical something that was like a smile they dropped to himself—shabby, seedy, a second-class passenger, nothing more. Storrman watched him with a blanching face.

"Do you intend to talk? To tell what you know? How have you been on board all this time without my seeing you?"

"I was pretty well knocked up when we left port. Low fever or something of that sort. I had to take to my bunk and stay there. As to talking—as to telling the truth—what do you think? It strikes me that this might be a good moment."

He spoke impassively, not removing his eyes from those of the man standing before him.

"Good heaven, Horst, have some pity! I am engaged to be married. The girl is here—on board—at this instant—"

"Ah! It would be even a better moment than I thought then, would it not? Your gains have made you rich, your identity has been successfully sunk out of sight; you are about to win a presumably good girl for your wife. Yes, I think the moment would be well chosen for bringing you to book. As to pity, did you show me any? What am I to be moved to compassion for? Because you let me rot in a prison five years? I ought to despise you too much to get vengeance out of you. But I don't. I have waited for this hour for five years. I have dreamed of it, planned for it. When I got out to the light of day again I tracked you, found you, followed you on board this ship. It wasn't easy work finding you either. The highly respectable Roger Storrman of to-day has obliterated every trace of his identity with the John Rogerson of five years ago, who was a forger, a thief and a felon—"

"Hush—for God's sake, hush!"

"At last," Horst went on, unperturbed, "fate has put you under my hand. Do you think I shall let you slip?"

The last word died abruptly on his lips. A woman's slight figure was moving lightly along the deck, the last glow of the sunset was behind her. Her eyes were fixed on Storrman and a half smile parted her lips. The man leaning back against the roll of cordage at his feet she did not notice at all. He was, to her casual glance, a shabby second-cabin passenger with whom Storrman had been kindly enough to enter into cursory talk.

"I have been waiting for you," she said, with a deepening of the adorable smile on her lips. She slipped her arm through Storrman's and they moved away together. And the man left behind watched the two retreating forms motionlessly, breathlessly.

This was the girl whom Storrman was about to marry!

The last flame of red had faded out of the sky and the stars were coming faintly out. The still heat had grown more still and a dense bank of cloud was forming slowly against the horizon. The Captain passed, his cap low over his eyes, a brooding frown in the latter. A sailor watched the horizon. And still Horst did not move.

He had gone back five, ten years, in his life. There had been wild moments of early youth that had brought regret, and then a bitter reaping of such wild oats in further and perilous recklessness. How had Storrman and he first fallen in together? It had been shortly after his own coming to Australia. Storrman, sprung from nothing, vicious to the core, with naught but his animal good looks and his unbounded audacity to serve him, had amused the younger man, and, while Horst was half contemptuous of him, perhaps had influenced him as well. The one was utterly unscrupulous; the other, with all his recklessness, a man of honor. And Storrman, conscious of the difference, of the indistinct, the irritating superiority, had hated his boon companion. Horst had known it and had not cared. "He would serve me any scruvy trick," he said to himself coolly. And a time came when his foresight was vindicated. By a strange combination of circumstances Storrman, who had forged, found himself one day in a position to cover himself by falsely accusing and involving Horst. He did both. He vanished, leaving no trace behind him. Horst, the law at his heels, made a desperate flight by night. To a pale, frail young girl, white in the light of a summer moonbeam, he had owed a temporary escape. But before many days he had been tracked, captured and imprisoned—evidence not being complete against him—for five years only. Now the five years were over. And in one day he had seen the man and the woman with whom his every thought in those five years had been associated—the man whom he hated and on whom he had sworn to avenge himself, and the woman whom he loved, for by one of the strange mysteries of human passion, Horst, reckless, careless, cynical, had come to love this girl, seen but once, radiant as an angel of mercy and of whose name even he was ignorant. And she it was whom his enemy was to marry!

A sudden gust of wind tore his cap from his eyes. There was a rushing sound in his ears. He staggered to his feet. The sea had turned over all its expanse a dense, oily green, deepening in the trough of the waves to a gray blackness. What awful change had come over that smiling nature—that infinite blue that had subsisted for so many days?

The force of the hurricane, of the fierce tropic storm, burst over the ship a few seconds later. It had grown swiftly, densely dark. The orders of the Captain rang faintly through the roar and hiss of wind and wave. Then, after a time—was it minutes or hours?—there came another change. The fury of storm had spent itself. But the vessel had sprung a leak and was sinking.

A wild rush for the boats, cries of women, shrieks of children, oaths of men. And then—who shall say by what supreme instinct—Horst found himself struggling through the frantic press of dying souls near to the side of Rosalys and his arm about her. A flash of lightning illumined her still, white face, strangely composed and quiet, and Storrman's, distorted with terror, elbowing women out of his way like a beast, looking only for the boats for his own safety, forgetful of all else.

Already Horst had lifted Rosalys in his arms.

"Stand back!" he cried fiercely. And the last boat was launched, and Rosalys had a place in it.

There was another forward lurch, and then it was seen that the women had all been transferred to the boats. And now there was room only for one more—a man. They stood side by side—Horst and Storrman. Which should it be?

It was the work of a second. Should he take his revenge now? It lay in his grasp. With one bound he could leave Storrmann behind him to face death. Who shall tell the temptations of that infinitesimal fraction of time?

Then something that had survived through the wreck of much that had been noblest in the man asserted itself. He stepped back. Storrman was saved.

* * * * * *

At the gate of a small cottage in a quiet country town a girl, dressed simply in black, waited toward the close of the day. It was Rosalys, and she was changed. Something of the luminous young softness had gone out of her eyes; in them was a graver depth. She was a little older, a little more serious. One dread experience may add years to the life. Rosalys waited for a step to approach through the dusk, and finally it came. It was that of a man, and Rosalys flushed and grew pale. Then a stillness fell over her. He was standing before her now. He had come for his answer. But he did not ask for it; he did not plead. His eyes were downcast. He was like a culprit before a judge.

Suddenly she extended her hand.

He raised his eyes and saw hers, through the gloaming, diffused with tender tears of love.

"If you have only pity for me——" he began.

"Pity! No! Or pity and something else—yes. When you abdicated your own chance of life for a man who had done you such harm; when you conquered your desire for revenge and yourself, you did that which more than atoned for the follies and sins of a reckless youth. And now you have told me that you love me. You know that I mourned that man—Roger Storrman. But I knew nothing of his past. Now I do know——"

She paused and Host looked at her. For it was Horst. How Storrman had been lost that night of the wreck a year before and Horst saved was one of the mysteries of that awful hour. Horst only remembered that when he had stepped back to give Storrman his chance of life, there had suddenly been a rush of waters in his ears, followed by a surging blackness around him. Madly he had thrown a clutch out at something, and then he found himself clinging to the side of the boat.

Everything between that moment and the hour when the boats were taken up by a sailing vessel the next day was a blank, out of which there started distinctly one remembrance only—the sight of Rosalys's white face, still quiet, still composed. He had come back to civilization to find himself the heir fo a small fortune left him by a distant relative, to whom his wild career in Australia had been unknown. And he had come back to more—to a desire for a repectable life, emphasized a thousandfold by the love which had now grown into a holy passion.

At this instant a great and wondrous hope of love returned arose in his heart. Trembling he put it from him.

"But think what my life has been? Think—"

"I think only that I love you," was the simple answer. Then she smiled sadly, divinely. "No more wild oats!" she said.—*New York Mercury.*

WISE WORDS.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

If you would create something, you must be something.

Give until you feel it, and then give until you don't feel it.

Ability involves responsibility; power to its last particle is duty.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds make ill deeds done.

He who pretends to know everything proves that he knows nothing.

A little seeing saves much looking, a little speaking saves much talking.

He travels safe and not unpleasantly who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.

As charity requires forgetfulness of evil deeds, so patience requires forgetfulness of evil accidents.

Slugs crawl and crawl over our cabbages, like the world's slander over a good name. You may kill them, it is true, but there is the slime.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob.

What is conscience? If there be such a power, what is its office? It would seem to be simply this: to approve of our own conduct when we do what we believe to be right, and to censure us when we commit whatever we judge to be wrong.

Remember that he is indeed the wisest and the happiest man, who by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunity of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution breaks through every opposition that he may improve these opportunities.

Bismarck and Gladstone.

It would be hard to find two men who are so radically different as Bismarck and Gladstone. Both have arrived at the age when most men have passed into sentility, but both seem to be vigorous and capable of doing yeoman service. Bismarck differs from Gladstone in that he pays little or no attention to literature, and rarely, if ever, makes a speech. Gladstone, as all the world knows, is continually speechmaking or writing pamphlets, or discussing this or that ism, or plunging headlong into some work that many a younger man would feel unequal to; but Bismarck, trained as a lawyer, schooled in state craft as no other man in Europe, able to speak half a dozen languages, conversant with all the classics of the time, cares nothing for them now. He seems to have but one hope and one ambition. It is Germany. Few persons know that he is a proficient Greek and Latin scholar, and it may surprise people to be acquainted with the fact that in his early days he made numerous translations of Virgil and Homer. History and geography have always been his favorite studies. He would not be a German if he did not love music. He is a great admirer of Beethoven, and, while he dislikes everything that is French, he speaks in high praise of the realistic novelists of that country. In his younger days he was a great gambler, and it is on record that he has not bet on a card for many a day. He is a great smoker and prefers the old-fashioned pipe to a cigar. In personal appearance he is very stoop-shouldered, and when walking leans heavily on his cane. His clothes are ill-fitting, but his eye is clear and the firm mouth is easily discerned through a gray mustache that hardly covers his lips.—*Washington Star*

Christopher C. Andel is the father of the smallest mite of humanity in New Haven, and, in all probability, in Connecticut. His only child is a baby boy that, when it was seventeen days old, weighed two pounds and five ounces. The boy was then eleven inches long, but very thin. His arm was then about twice as thick as the stem of a clay pipe, and his fingers were so slender it was difficult to institute a comparison.

Disease has ravaged some of the grouse preserves in Scotland to an alarming extent. On one moor recently out of 260 birds killed all had to be buried.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

POLISHING HARDWOOD FLOORS.

To make a good polishing mixture put into a bowl three-quarters of a pound of yellow beeswax, two ounces of powdered rosin and a half pint of turpentine. Stand this bowl in a good-sized basin of hot water and stir the mixture over the fire until thoroughly amalgamated. Remember that the ingredients are very inflammable, and you must be exceedingly careful or they will take fire; the large basin of water is to guard against this. Keep your bowl in the center. Stand the polish aside to cool, and, if when cool it is thicker than cosmoline, add a little more turpentine until it reaches that consistency. Now for the application. See that the floor is perfectly free from dust and dry, then apply a small quantity of the polish with a soft piece of flannel or woolen cloth, rubbing it in well with the grain of the wood. After the whole floor has been treated thus, polish well by hard rubbing with a polish brush. Then, with a piece of soft green baize, give a light, final polish. A floor thus treated will keep in good condition for three or four weeks, providing the polishing brush is used twice a week.

Softwood stained floors are best sized and varnished—*Yankee Blade.*

THRIFT IN SMALL THINGS.

The value of petty savings cannot be too highly estimated. The conscientious habit of saving everything that can be turned to any account, fitting the object, however small, into its right place, is a habit in itself enough to insure thrift. There are so many things about the household which are thrown aside which by careful thought may be turned to use. Wise providers buy only goods of genuine value which may be used to the last shred. This is true of market-buying, of shopping of everything that may be purchased. There is a good brand of flour and a make-shift brand; a cloth firm and well made of wool, and a cloth to take its place, cheap and flimsy, of cotton wool. In all these cases the genuine cloth is the cheapest in the end; the good brand flour will give the best and most nourishing bread. The well-made cloth may be washed or cleansed again and again, and be made over until nothing is left of it. A great deal may be saved even in buttons, thread and pins and needles, little minutiae of which we seldom think. It is in the sedulous care that every article shall be used, that every bit of cloth shall be turned and made over till it has passed usefulness, that consists the chance of the average family for an orderly well-fed well-clothed home. Lavishness is the worst of providers. It is the systematic, steady hand, careful of minutiae, that provides a home and table where genuine comfort and good cheer prevail. Simple spending of money cannot accomplish the same result that care can. The children of poor men, brought up to habits of thrift, usually enjoy more actual luxury than the children of a spendthrift, who varies from feast to famine, from rags to velvet with the regularity of a clock pendulum. Extravagance should be looked upon as a sin, a trust to use honestly the goods God has given us, not considered in the light, trivial way it is, as something the individual alone would suffer from.—*New York Tribune.*

RECIPES.

Lemon Pie—Juice and grated rind of four lemons, four beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of sugar; bake with an under crust only.

Wheat Gems—One pint of flour, one pint of milk, three eggs, one teaspoon of baking powder, twelve teaspoons of salt; bake in gem pans in a hot oven.

Boiled Cauliflower—Remove the green leaves, open the flower a little in places and let stand, head down, in salt water for two hours, put into boiling water and boil twenty minutes; take up, drain, put in a dish, season and pour over drawn butter.

Lamb Scallop—One cup of cold lamb chopped fine, one cup of stewed tomatoes, one cup of fine bread crumbs; arrange all in layers in a buttered dish, having the crumbs at the top; season with salt and pepper, put bits of butter on top and bake.

Apple Batter Pudding—Pare and core six ripe apples, place in a dish; make a batter of one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt, pour over the apples; bake half an hour. To be eaten with sauce or sweetened cream.

Ginger Snaps—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of lard, one cup of molasses, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, ginger, cloves and baking powder, one-half cup of water; flour enough to make a stiff dough; roll them out in round cakes and bake quickly.

Apple Charlotte—Two pounds of apples, pared and cored; slice them into a pan, add one pound of sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the rind of one grated; boil all together until it becomes thick, which it will do in about two hours, turn it into a mould; serve cold, with either a rich custard or cream.

Cucumber Pickles—Three dozen good-sized cucumbers, pared and sliced very thin. One dozen onions, chopped fine. Mix and add half pint salt. Let them stand over night, then squeeze out the brine and add one quarter of a pound of white mustard seed, and cloves and cinnamon, if liked. One ounce black pepper and cover with cold vinegar

Siegfried Wagner, only son of the composer, is about to enter the Raff Conservatory of Music at Frankfort. He is 18 years old and his object is not so much to get a professional education as to gratify his mother's wish that he should study under Herr Humperdinck the works of Wagner and other dramatic composers, in order to be able in course of time to superintend the festivals at Bayreuth.

THE man who has succeeded in finding the way to the pocket in one of his wife's dresses hanging on the nail in the chamber closet knows pretty well how Columbus felt when he had just discovered America.

CRYOLITE, for making candles, is brought from Greenland, where important and little known mining operations are carried on.

"O to be dead and done with trouble
That fills each day with a dreary pain."
This is the moan of many a woman
Who thinks she can never be well again.
"It were better for me and better for others
If I were dead," and their tears fall fast.
Not so, not so, O wives and mothers,
There's a bow of hope in the sky at last,
and it tells you that the storm of disease which has spread its shadow over you will give way to the sunshine of renewed health, if you are wise, and try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It can and will effectually cure all female weaknesses and derangements, and no woman who has not tried it need despair, for a trial will convince her that it is the very thing she needs to restore her to the health she fears forever lost.

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Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, is about to set out for the North Pole.

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The richest maiden in California is Miss Jennie Flood.

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Danger from Catarrh

Catarrh is an exceedingly disagreeable disease, its varied symptoms—discharge at the nose, bad breath, pain between the eyes, coughing, choking sensation, ringing noises in the ears, etc.—being not only troublesome to the sufferer, but offensive to others! *Catarrh is also dangerous,* because it may lead to bronchitis or consumption. Being a blood disease, the true method of cure is to purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.
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The national silver convention will meet at St. Louis November 26.

There Is a Time to Dance,

According to St. Paul, and a time to pray; a time to work and a time to play. Fortunate is that person who does the right thing at the right time. Success will crown all his efforts, and he will end his days in happiness. Such a person is he who keeps his system oiled up in summer with Pe-ru-na, the matchless Tonic. When the thermometer is standing at 90 degrees in the shade, and you can almost feel your stamina oozing out of you, then is the time to take something that will vitalize your blood, build up your wasting tissues, and put new energy into your body. Pe-ru-na will do this. It acts like a charm, so prompt and effective is it. It not only gives renewed vitality and vigor, but it is a splendid cure for all Lung Troubles, Fevers, Diseases of the Heart and Stomach, Colic and Diarrhœa, Kidney and all Female Diseases. Now is the time to take it. Give it a trial. To regulate your Bowels, Man-a-lin is superb.

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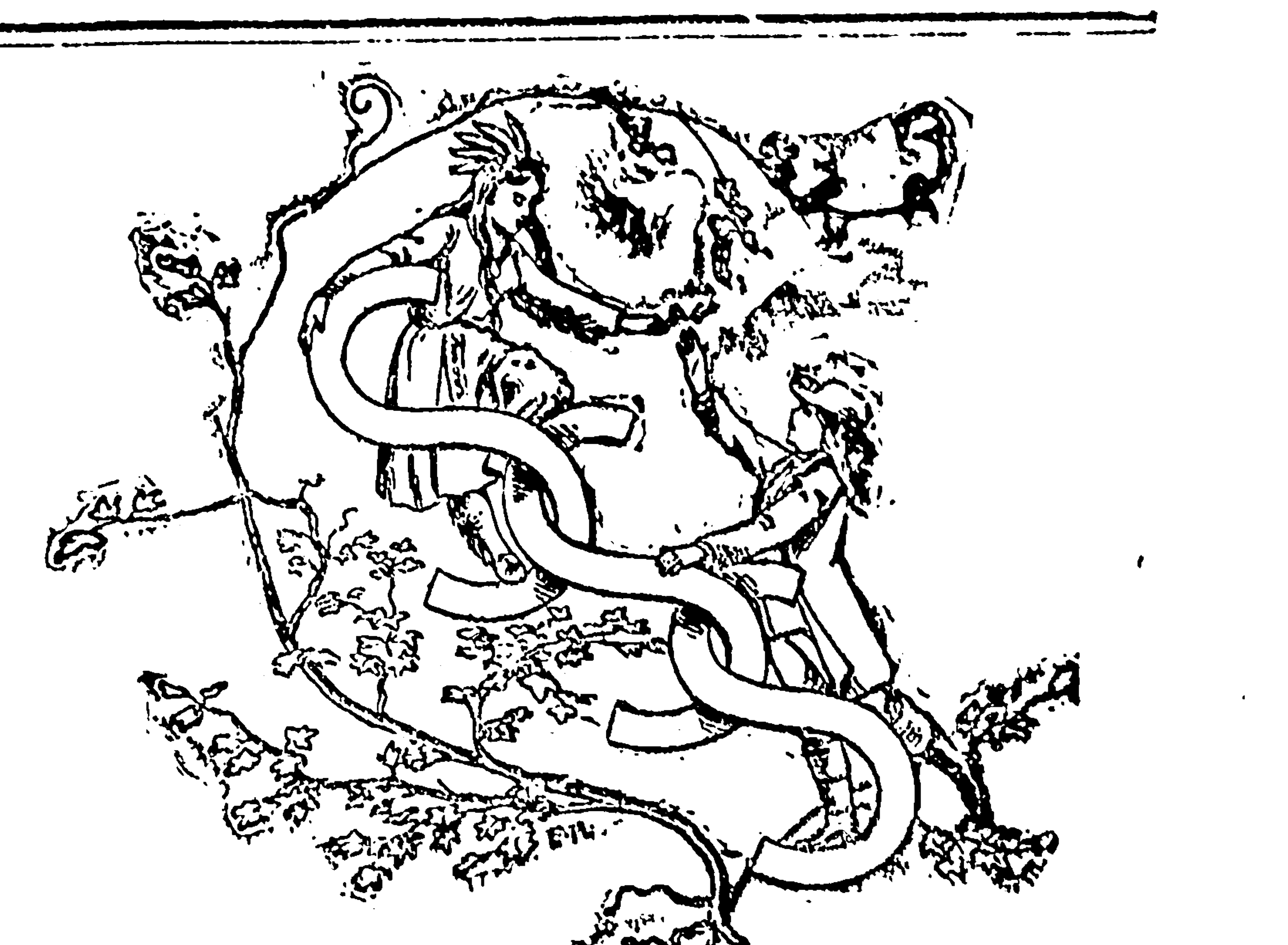

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Swift's Specific cured me of terrible Tetter, from which I had suffered for twenty long years. I have now been entirely well for five years, and no sign of any return of the disease.
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One bottle of S. S. S. cured my son of boils and risings, which resulted from malarial poison, and affected him all the summer. He had treatment from five doctors, who failed to benefit him.
Cavanal, Indian Ter. J. B. WISE.

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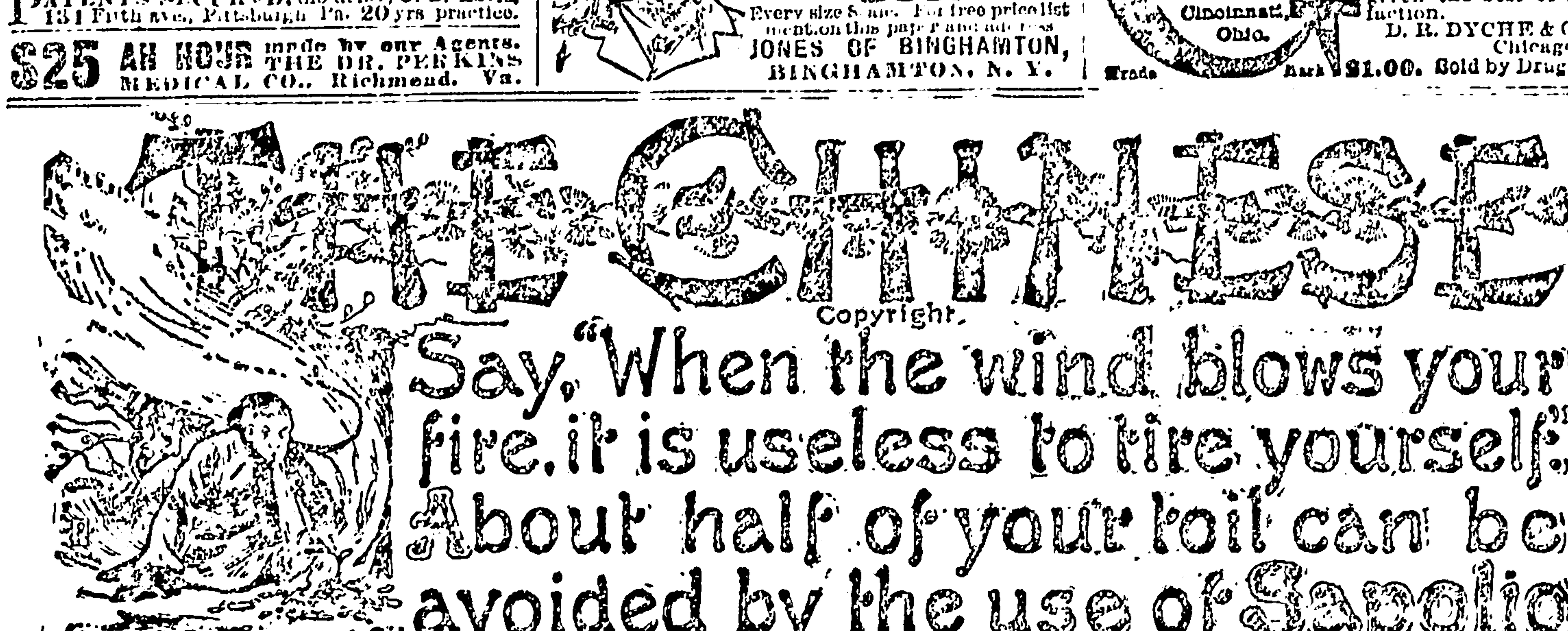

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The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 6, 1889.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.—Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfacty results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflammation, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Dicks's drug store.

The town of Keyport, N. J., was Friday morning visited by the worst fire in its history, entailing the loss of one and probably two lives, and destroying property to the extent of $75,000.

BLOOD VS. NERVES.—Great mistakes have been made in the world, by supposing many nervous troubles were due to bad blood. Thus headache, fits, dizziness, sleeplessness, etc., are always due to weakness or irritation of the nerves of the brain; dyspepsia, pain, wind, etc., to weakness of the nerves of the stomach; weak lungs is caused by weakness of the parts; biliousness, constipation, etc., to weakness of the nerves of the liver or bowels; pains, irregularity, sterility to derangement of the uterine nerves. For all weakness, Dr. Miles' great nerve and brain food surpasses all other remedies. Trial bottles free at Dicks' drug storo.

At Scranton, Michael Welch was arrested charged with appropriating to his own use money raised to pay his brother's funeral expenses. The money was raised by different societies and amounted to over $125.

MERIT WINS.—We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. J. W. Dicks, druggist.

Miss Essie Westmoreland, a young girl of sixteen, living in Davidson county, S. C., committed suicide on Saturday night because her parents, on account of her youth, refused their consent to her marriage. When they told her she must wait four years she slipped into the yard and strangled herself.

DROPPED DEAD.—Physiologists estimate that the heart does 5,000,000 pounds of work each day. No wonder people drop dead with worn out hearts. This could be prevented by Dr. Miles' new and great discovery, the New Cure. Always commence when you first begin to get short of breath, have weak, faint or smothering spells, pain or tenderness in side, etc. Sold at Dicks'.

Frank McArthur jumped from an express train, near the Pawtuxent river, in Maryland, Sunday, and was killed. He had been in ill health for some time and was subject to delusions.

I HAD STONE IN THE BLADDER and my kidneys were affected. None of the means taken produced any benefit until I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. The pain ceased—the stone having been dissolved by the action of the medicine. I am ready in public or in private to testify that my recovery is due to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. E. D. W. Parsons, Rochester.

Eleven tramps broke jail at New Castle, Del., by tunneling, making 30 who have escaped in that manner within a month.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Miss Mary Rankin died at her home near Sharon, Pa., last Thursday, aged 60. She had been confined to her bed over forty years. Her book, "A Daughter of Affliction," had a large sale in the United States, especially among invalids.

BUCKLEN S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT.

It is not always convenient to call a Physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand, it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At J. W. Barnitz's Drug Store.

John Tugar killed his 15-year-old son, near Celina, Ohio, on Friday night and threw the corpse into a large bonfire. Fearing discovery, he then shot himself.

M. P.—A NEW DISCOVERY.—Weakened and deranged livers, stomachs and bowels should never be acted on by irritants like common pills, bran, etc.—Miles' Pills cures liver complaint, constipation, piles, etc., by a new method. Samples free at Dicks'.

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As an anti-malarial medicine

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FAVORITE REMEDY

has won golden opinions. No traveler should consider his outfit complete unless it includes a bottle of this medicine. If you are exposed to frequent changes of climate, food and water, Favorite Remedy should always be within your reach. It expels malarial poisons, and is the best preventive of chills and malarial fever in the world. It is especially offered as a trustworthy specific for the cure of Kidney and Liver complaints, Constipation and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. To women who suffer from any of the diseases peculiar to their sex Favorite Remedy is constantly proving itself a true and failing friend—a real blessing. Address the proprietor, Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. $1 bottle, 6 for $5, by all druggists.

Stone in the Kidney.

How it was Removed Without the Use of the Surgeon's Knife.

In the spring of 1878 I was taken with sharp pains in the lower part of my bowels in the region of the bladder. Shortly blood appeared mixed with my urine, and a few weeks later I had an attack of brown gravel. I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another said it was acute

Inflammation of the Bladder,

and another that I had a stone in my left kidney. For three months I was under the care of an eminent specialist at Albany, but constantly growing worse I gave up in despair and went home to die. Relatives heard of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and urged me to try it. Soon the medicine began to help me; the pain and distress lessened. In two months' time I left my bed, and in six or seven months I was robust and strong. A remedy which can do this for one so near death as I was should be known everywhere. I hope this statement will cause others afflicted as I was to find relief in the same source.—C. W. Brown, Petersburg, N. Y. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will cure Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, Debility of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidney and Bladder, when no other medicine or treatment has been of any benefit.

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Prepared by

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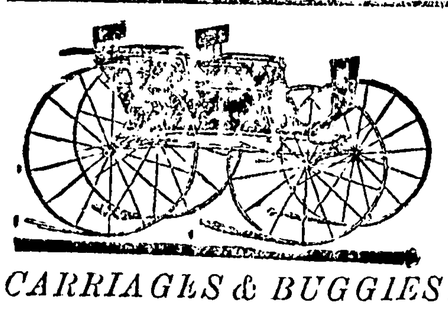

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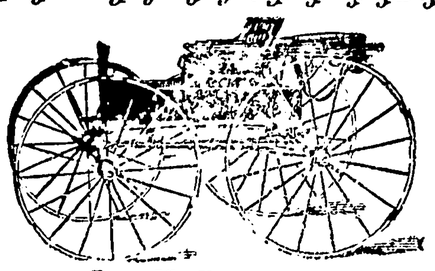

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